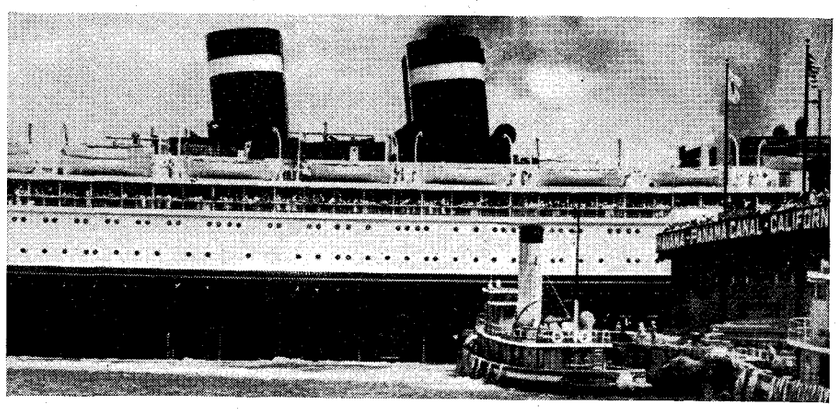

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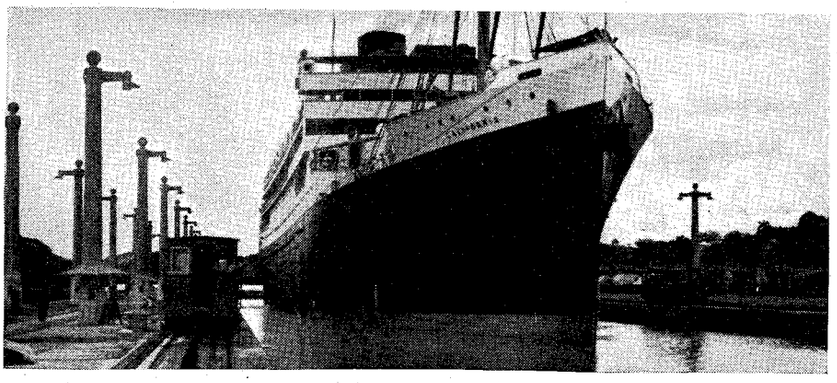

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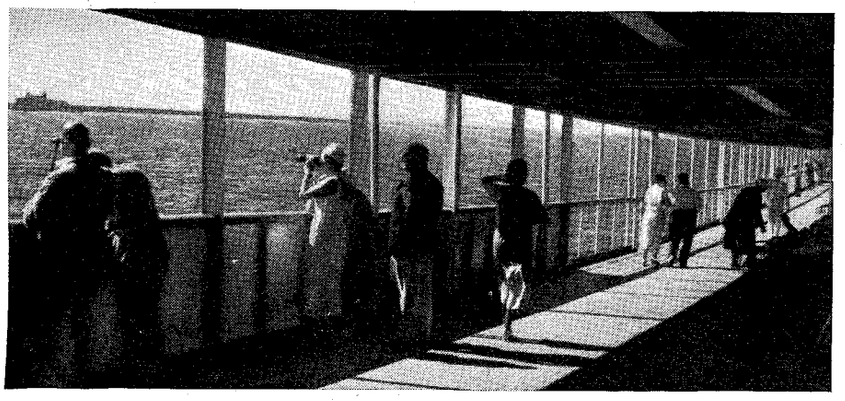

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The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 9, 1936

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The Open Forum

Work

Sir:—The nonchalant statement of Henry Ford [April 4 issue] that "if there is anything wrong with the world to-day it is pure laziness" is anything but in accordance with facts.

The trouble with this country is unemployment, and as the President stated in his speech of April 13, the same situation was present in this country in 1928 and 1929. During those years of prosperity laboring men were receiving higher wages than they ever received before. Manufacturers took advantage of the invention of machines replacing labor in order to get away from the high cost of labor. As a consequence machines were put in operation—each replacing anywhere from twenty to 9,000 men. It seems very clear that the cause of unemployment is definitely due to the invention and use of such machines.

My cure for the condition would be the passage of a law by Congress imposing a tax on every machine displacing labor to the extent of the wages of labor so displaced, the proceeds to be used in building roads throughout the country, the building of Federal buildings and the relief of unemployment if no more work were available.

The objection has been made that such a law would prevent progress and put an end to the Machine Age, which may be very true. Which, I ask, is preferable, the non-taxing of machines for the purpose of fostering and bolstering up the Machine Age and progress or providing such taxation and so prevent the

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starvation or pauperization of men forced out of work by such machines?

If this country has arrived at the point where progress and commitment to a Machine Age is considered more important than a healthy occupation and a respectable living for its citizens, it has certainly drifted far away from the altruistic program and intentions of the founders of the Republic. G. M. RUSSELL, M.D.

Billings, Montana.

Third Party

Sir:—A life-long reader of the DIGEST, I have never been impelled to criticise you before; but, in my opinion, you are making a serious mistake—along with all other newspapers and periodicals in the country—in maintaining the myth that there is a Republican Party.

The G.O.P. was executed for treason to the people and buried without benefit of clergy—back in 1932.

Not only is the Republican Party as extinct as the dodo, *nationally*, but the Democratic Party will disintegrate after the November election; political liberalism having already followed tory conservatism into bankruptcy.

The stars indicate the formation of a third party in two years—and its success at the polls in 1940. CHARLES WESLEY HEARD.

East Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Ministerial Pay

Sir:—This question of salaries for ministers discussed in a recent issue is a most interesting one. Generally speaking, I suppose, the average minister draws about $1,200 a year, altho I know that there are hundreds of ministers in New Hampshire getting less than a thousand a year.

For the most part, however, the smaller the salary, the harder the work; the larger the salary, the easier the work.

The minister of your large church with his assistants and innumerable helpers has a far easier time of it than his brother in the small church where the minister is expected to be Sunday School Superintendent, leader of the Young People, leader of the Men's Club, gatherer of contributions, etc.

(THE REV.) HARRY TAYLOR.

Pittsfield, New Hampshire.

Gasoline Tax

Sir:—Of the twenty-five magazines and papers that I read THE LITERARY DIGEST is my favorite. I have been a reader of it for many years; but all of a sudden you give my town a black eye.

In a recent issue you say that Decatur, Alabama, has the highest gasoline tax in the United States and that our citizens are letting out a long and loud yell accordingly.

Now, I have taken the trouble to investigate and find that the tax is really 9 cents. The tax assessor says so and the gasoline service stations have posted conspicuously cards stating that the tax is 9 cents. You made the mistake of counting the county tax twice, it having been included in your estimate of the State tax, and that is the way you get your incorrect total of 12 cents.

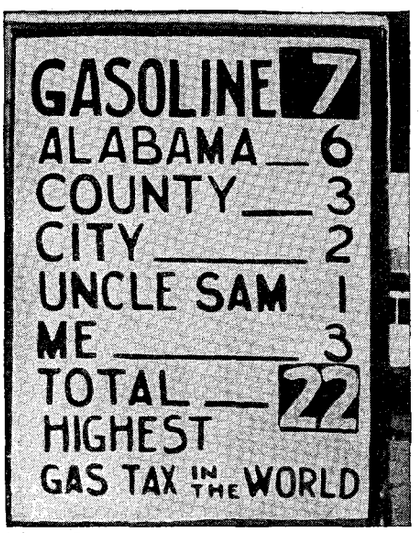
Please make this correction, that the "Gate City of the Tennessee Valley" may not be unjustly held up to scorn. W. W. BENSON,

Superintendent of Schools.

Decatur, Alabama.

[Both Superintendent Benson and his favorite magazine are correct. This paradox is explained by the fact that Decatur lies in two counties: Morgan and Limestone. Morgan County has no tax; Limestone's is three cents per gallon.

Photograph is of a sign in front of a Decatur filling station (in Limestone County).—*Editor.*]



American Petroleum Institute

Sanity Needed

Sir:—In a recent issue, a Michigan correspondent refers to a statement made, as he avers, by Howard L. Holmes, St. Louis, in an interview, "that the present political conditions in the United States strongly tempt me to write a book entitled 'The Great American Jackass,' the average citizen."

Mr. Holmes should realize that the raucous braying of some thousands, or millions, of incipient jackasses during the past two years largely was due to the Hauptmann trial, the Huey Long tragicomic "event," both, happily, now closed; Townsend Utopianism, still vocal; the Al Smith political "apostasy" disclosed in his ranting speech at the Liberty League dinner, and Supreme Court decisions.

Please, Mr. Holmes, don't do it. Why not give *John Citizen* and his wife a chance to do some constructive thinking during the next six months? *Mr. and Mrs. Citizen* certainly need the mental exercise suggested, and the Nation once more needs to regain sanity.

A. FRANCIS PAGE.

Cashmere, Washington.

Christian Ideals

Sir:—In a recent issue, you quote a resolution adopted last July by a group of Methodist laymen, which speaks of "the building of Christian character" and "the Christian ideal of individual responsibility and freedom of choice" as being "in essential and inevitable conflict" with the espousing by the pulpit and religious press of "economic and social systems."

Did those laymen mean that while Christian character is to be built up, it is to be kept in storage and not put to use during one's lifetime?

Such a loose, comfortable, and convenient interpretation of Christian ideals is not compatible with even the Constitution of the United States. The doctrine of "Everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost" can not find support in the ideals of either Christianity or American citizenship.

GEORGE M. MONTROSS.

Port Huron, Michigan.

Correction

Sir:—I am in receipt of a page from THE LITERARY DIGEST, current issue, "America: Ready for War or Helpless?"

I note that I am listed as agreeing with Chairman Nye, Senator Pope, and others of the Senate Munitions Committee to the nationalization of munitions and war industries. I am surprized at this inaccurate statement.

I do not favor the complete nationalization of munitions and war industries and have signed no such report. Yours truly,

Walter F. George.

United States Senate.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The name of Senator George, of Georgia, was confused with that of Senator Bennett Champ Clark, of Missouri, who was incorrectly listed as voting against the Nye Committee recommendation for nationalization of the munitions industry. Senator Clark voted with Chairman Nye and Senators Pope, of Idaho, and Bone, of Washington, for the majority report. Senator George voted with Senators Barbour, of New Jersey, and Vandenberg, of Michigan, against nationalization. We apologize.]

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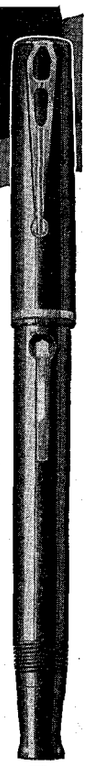

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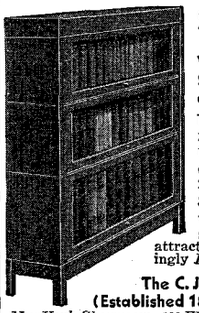

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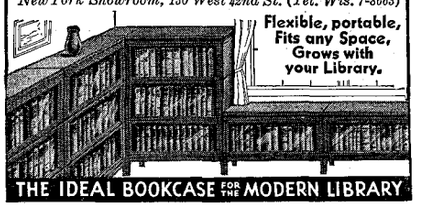

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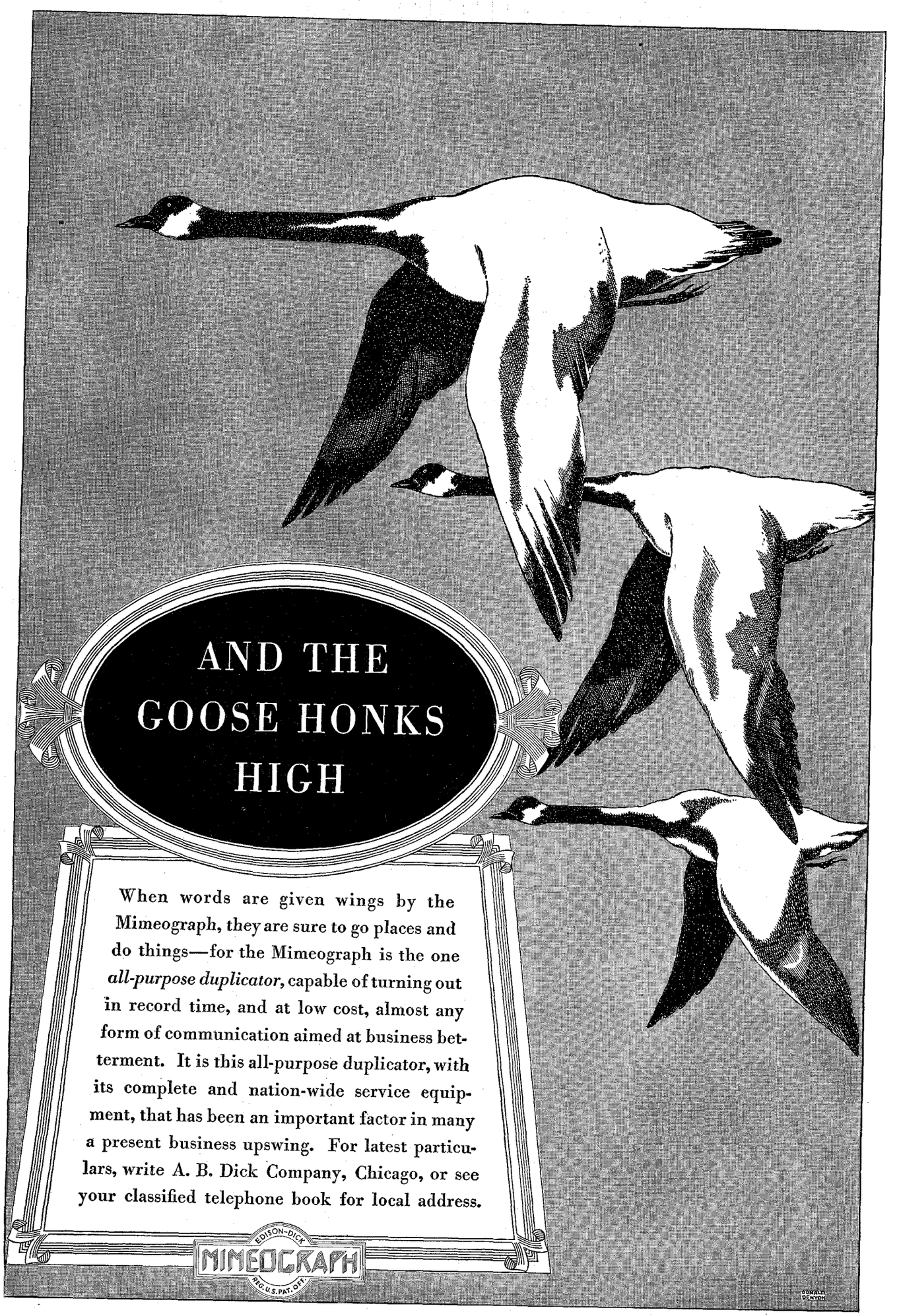

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 9, 1936

Topics of the day

RELIEF GHOSTS HAUNT STATE CAPITOLS

New Jersey, After Siege by Jobless, Has Company in Misery

Under the gleaming gold dome of New Jersey's drab gray-and-brown State-house at Trenton Tuesday night of last week, quaking Senators and Assemblymen gazed apprehensively at unfamiliar scenes. Sprawled across the oaken desks they had left six days before, were half a hundred silent men from whose whiskery faces bleary eyes defiantly returned the lawmakers' uneasy stares.

In the dim light cast by six small bulbs left burning in the ornate crystal chandelier above, a dozen gingham-clad women lolled at ease on awesome legal files, watching their tattered *gamins* play hop-scotch on the sedate rostrum. From the mock-marble corridor outside came the overpowering aroma of beef stew and coffee.

Three days later these jobless squatters whose leaders had swarmed down from the galleries the night the Legislature adjourned were sent grumbling homeward, no nearer the relief they had sworn to await "until Hell freezes over." Behind them they left their ghosts to torture the baffled legislators with a question that has stirred more than one State-house from Sacramento to Boston:

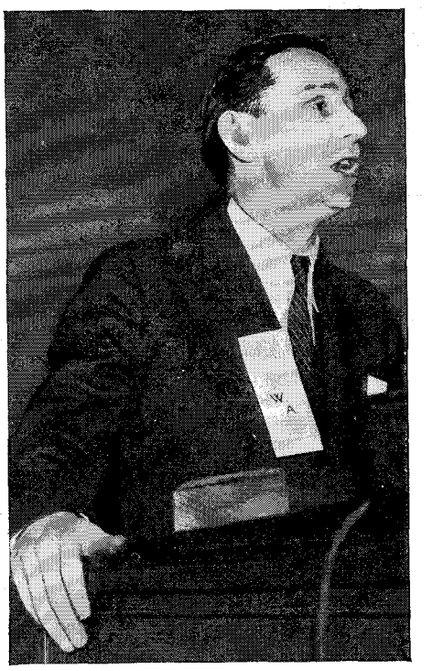
How big a step is it from peaceful protest to the food riots that startled America in 1837, in 1857, in the war period from 1860 to 1866, and more than once in the unhappy year 1931?

Government Burden—Until the end of last year, the New Deal had appeared to be solving the staggering problem of providing food, clothing, shelter, and heat for the ten to fifteen million people who could not provide for themselves. The truth is that the cost of the solution was as staggering as the problem itself. In 1935 the Federal Government contributed an average of 74.4 per cent. of the money expended for emergency relief. In the case of fourteen States, Washington was forced to provide 90 per cent.

Realizing that it could not go on at such a pace, the Administration stepped out of the direct-relief picture in November, shifting the burden of caring for the "unemployables" back to the States, hoping that work-relief and private industry would provide for the "employables."

But, as the New Jersey mess and many another like it show, the States had made no adequate preparation to quadruple their outlay. They refused to believe, as Works Progress Administrator Harry L. Hopkins remarked, "that *Santa Claus* would really go away."

The case at Trenton is this: Gov. Harold G. Hoffman had hoped that his unpopular State sales tax would carry the relief load, but the public rose *en masse* and forced its repeal within four months. That left nothing.



Acme

David Lasser: A dark young man whose eyes shine . . . with idealistic fire

John Spain, Jr., Workers' Alliance organizer who led the Trenton "army of unoccupation," naïvely suggested that the Governor borrow money or divert State funds. Mr. Hoffman pointed out that he could do so "only in case of invasion or insurrection." Obligingly, the burly Spain had his cohorts inform the Governor by resolution "that an insurrection is in progress." When that coup failed, Spain ordered his minions to turn their efforts toward the founding of a Farmer-Labor Party.

Booing at Taxes—More experienced but no less helpless, the New Jersey legislators fumed and fretted. Timid suggestions of an income levy and revival of the sales tax were booed down; dynamite, both of them, in a campaign year. After a futile four hours, both Houses adopted a resolution calling on the Federal Government to return $20,000,000 collected from New Jersey taxpayers. Then they adjourned again for two days.

From Missouri came the first sign that New Jersey was not alone. In St. Louis, when the Board of Aldermen adjourned two weeks ago without doing anything about the 14,000 needy dropped suddenly from relief-rolls, fifty-odd unemployed men and women, many with their children in tow, squeezed into the stuffy gallery of the City Hall, singing and shouting.

For when the Federal crutch was removed, States and cities everywhere began to stumble. Through their mayors at a recent conference, cities complained that it would be impossible for them to carry an estimated 500,000 employable jobless without Federal aid, on top of meeting the cost for care of the unemployable group. Many States saw no way of stretching further their chief sources of revenue in carrying their share of the load—borrowing, general revenues, sales taxes, automobile revenues, beer and liquor, and income taxes.

Problems Elsewhere—As a result, New Jersey and Missouri are finding the company that misery loves.

In California, the State Relief Commission allotted the last of its available funds for immediate help to the needy and moved to dump the problem back upon the counties when the coffers run dry.

Governor A. B. Chandler sent an SOS from Louisville to Washington to save several hundred Kentucky families from "starvation."

Illinois, after a legislative tussle, extended the life of its Emergency Relief Commission, but cut its relief appropriations.

When a call was issued for a special relief session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) cried for speedy action, lest Harrisburg witness an invasion like that which harassed Trenton.

For Kansas, where the Legislature had failed to meet the relief issue, Ray Cooke, National Secretary of the Workers' Alliance, which engineered the New Jersey demonstration, promised a similar siege.

Meanwhile, heartened by the attention won by its New Jersey show, the Workers' Alliance stepped ahead with plans adopted at a Washington convention earlier in the month. Herbert Benjamin, national organizer, exhorted his followers to "lay the basis for a mighty mass hunger march on Washington if the Administration persists in refusal of jobs, adequate relief, and social insurance."

Historic Tragedy—Washington remembers all too well the tragedy of 1932, when the "bonus army" was routed from Anacostia flats, its shabby camp burned to the ground. Benjamin and other Workers' Alliance leaders remember, too. They were there, altho there was no such thing as a Workers' Alliance in those days.

The present organization is the outgrowth of a movement begun in 1935, largely under Socialist Party and League for Industrial Democracy influence. Last month it smoothed over Leftist differences and took into its fold unemployed factions with many labels from thirty-six States, including the National Unemployment Councils, started in 1930 under predominately Communist auspices. It now embraces Socialistic, Communistic, American Workers' Party, Farmer-Labor, and unaffiliated leadership. Spain, whose round face

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Wide World

In St. Louis: Settled down "until hell freezes over or until we get relief"

dominated the New Jersey proceedings, is a registered Democrat.

Paul W. Ward of the Baltimore *Sun* gives the Alliance credit for the Illinois hunger march of May, 1935, the WPA strike in New York a few months ago, and the recent ten-day siege of Wisconsin's State Capitol.

Its President is David Lasser, a dark young man whose eyes shine through horn-rimmed glasses with idealistic fire.

Since he was let out by a New York electric company in 1929 when he protested the dismissal of a group of employees in an economy wave, he has devoted himself entirely to organizing the unemployed.

Editorial Views—Looking askance at the philosophy behind the Alliance and doubting the sincerity of some of its leaders, many newspapers scold the New Jersey Legislature for being overindulgent with its nine-day guests and for sacrificing its dignity. The Cleveland *News* (Rep.), for instance, pleaded for "an orderly presentation of grievances."

Others, like the New York *Daily News* (Ind.), felt that repudiation of the movement's key men "didn't answer the question of how to care for Jersey's destitute."

The Washington *Post* (Ind.) emphasizes that it is up to the States "to carry the relief burdens that rightfully rest upon them," and the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* (Ind.) adds, "the quicker the better." The heavily pro-Roosevelt Philadelphia *Record* thanks New Jersey for "making clear what chaos, misery, and irresponsibility the Tories would bring back to the entire United States if they were in power in Washington, as they are in Trenton." "Let the rich pay!" shouts the *Daily Worker* (Com.) of New York, urging a tax on higher incomes for New Jersey.

As in the Past?—More than once in history, Washington has followed the course of easy expediency. In 1860-'65, when it needed men to save the Union, it promised them land, jobs, and comfortable futures if they would only enlist. Tens of thousands of simple citizen-soldiers believed these promises, and when they returned to peace and found no jobs, many of them simply took what they felt they had a right to expect. Then, as now, the Government in large measure repudiated its pledges.

Whether the States and cities, softened by three years of leaning on *Uncle Sam*, can find the money before the patience of the unemployed gives out, is a question New Jersey's plight has put on many a tongue.

PRIMARY POLITICS How You Interpret These Votes Depends on Your Political Ties

When a tenth or more of the country's voters are asked to express their preferences for President, politicians prick up their ears.

Last week, the voters of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania (combined population more than 13,000,000) were asked in Republican and Democratic primaries, but exactly what they answered depends on which interpreter you swear by.

What interested the interpreters most was the size of the Massachusetts Republican vote for Alf M. Landon, friendly spectacled Kansas Governor. No Presidential candidate's name appeared on the Massachusetts ballots, but, in a blank space left for write-ins, some 76,000 voters scratched the name of Governor Landon. The combined write-in votes for the other Republican candidates was less than a fifth as large.

Gubernatorial Thanks—"Gracious!" the delighted Governor exclaimed when the figures were read to him over the telephone from Boston. He called them an "overwhelming" tribute.

In Pennsylvania, however, the Republican write-in vote for Landon, tho larger than that for any other candidate, was far from overwhelming. There the name of William E. Borah was the only one on the Republican ticket, and, there, the grim-jawed Idaho Senator got roughly half a million votes.

Between them, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will have 108 of the 1,001 votes at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland on June 9. But it is doubtful that Borah will get many of the delegates from Pennsylvania, or Landon all of those from Massachusetts. Refusing to be bound by last week's primaries, most of the 108 will enter the vaulted, limestone Cleveland Public Auditorium unpledged and open-minded.

On the other hand, it is as certain as to-morrow's tides that, two weeks later, at Philadelphia, virtually all the 106 Democratic Convention votes from these two States will be cast to renominate President Roosevelt. Without serious opposition, Roosevelt ran away with the Democratic primary in Massachusetts. He did face opposition of a sort in Pennsylvania—the first in any State this year, but he downed it by a vote of roughly eighteen to one.

Fencing Colonel—To give anti-New Deal Democrats a chance to record themselves, Col. Henry Breckenridge, conservative New York lawyer, entered the Pennsylvania race, tho he made no campaign. Tall, slim, and wiry as he approaches fifty, Colonel Breckenridge is a crack fencer, captain of the American Olympic team in 1928, but he made no thrusting speeches in opposition to Roosevelt.

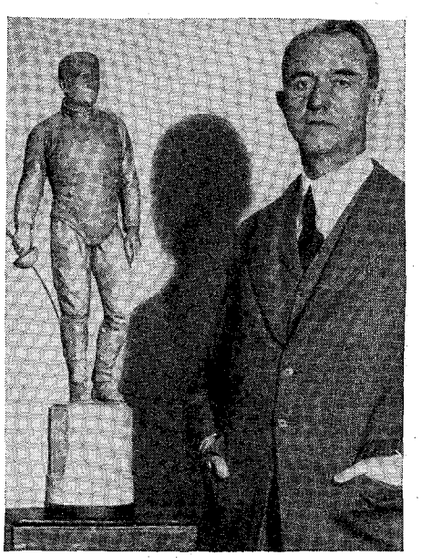
Organization Democrats, plugging to get out a huge vote for Roosevelt, tried to smother the Colonel last week.

Press Pro and Con—Believe the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), and they failed. "Roosevelt's Penna. Vote Jolts Party," its head-line reads; "Fails to Get Million Sought by Democrats." Believe the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.), and they succeeded. "Roosevelt Sweeps State," its head-line shouts; "Breckenridge Swamped."

The primary results left Democrats "a little disappointed," says the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.). Not so; they show "tremendous sentiment for Roosevelt," the Reading *Eagle* (Ind.) insists.

In Massachusetts, editors are similarly at swords' points over that State's primary votes for Roosevelt and Landon. "Purely perfunctory," the Lynn *Item* (Rep.) calls the Roosevelt vote, while the Boston *Post* (Ind.-Dem.) clucks over "the amazing emergence of Democratic voters in small, rock-ribbed Republican towns."

The Boston *Evening Transcript* (Ind.-Rep.) saves the adjective "amazing" to describe the Massachusetts vote for Landon, which the Springfield *Daily News* (Dem.) waves aside as "an empty thing."



Col. Henry Breckenridge, fencing expert . . . Did he hit his target?

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DOG FOOD It's Forced on Human Beings by New Deal, Dickinson Laments

Senator Lester J. Dickinson is a serious-minded man. He does not smoke or drink, never reads fiction, cares little for sports, and has no engrossing hobbies.

When this life-long, handsome-looking Iowa Republican takes the floor, the Senate settles back to hear something sedately factual, about agriculture, which he champions from dawn 'til dark, or about the New Deal, which he scorns as "the oldest of quack patent medicines."

Yet last week, when the Senator hoisted his stately, six-foot, 200-pound frame to dissect his pet topics, he set half the country chuckling about—of all things—dog food.

It was lunch time. There were only a few Senators in the Chamber, among them William E. Borah of Idaho and Arthur V. Vandenberg of Michigan, who, like Senator Dickinson himself, are possible Republican Presidential candidates.

Many of his colleagues were at lunch. Senator James F. Byrnes, South Carolina Democrat, and others straggled back when they heard about the speech.

Scarcity Under Fire—As usual, it was the New Deal's "planned scarcity" farm program—"destroying millions of hogs . . . abandoning millions of acres of grain" . . . that absorbed Senator Dickinson. It had jacked prices for decent food out of reach of millions, he declared.

Consequently, the canned dog-food business is booming: annual output about 500,000,000 cans, retailing for $40,000,000. "The increase in dog-food consumption," he declared flatly, "can be accounted for because it was, and is to-day, being used for human beings."

Was this, he asked, what President Roosevelt meant when he said the average citizen is living on a third-class diet?

Senator Byrnes doesn't smoke, either, but he likes a cocktail now and then; and he is not so serious-minded he can't appreciate a good joke—especially at the expense of a Republican. Furthermore, he is very fond of dogs.

So when he had heard the Gentleman from Iowa out, he rose to his full five feet eight, ran a hand through his graying hair (he was fifty-seven last Saturday), took up the cudgels for dogs and Democrats.

He analyzed Senator Dickinson's figures no more than he analyzed dog food—fish, beef trimmings, reindeer flesh or horsemeat, plus grains and vegetables.

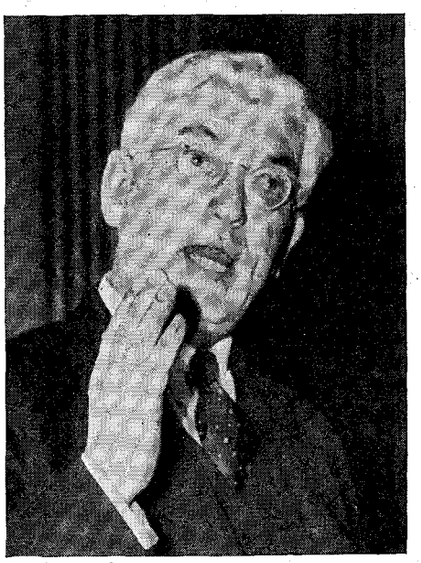
Gleeful Challenge—Jocularly, he urged the other Republican "candidates," Borah and Vandenberg, to express themselves on "this momentous issue." Gleefully, he read from a version of the speech sent out by the Republican National Committee long before it was delivered. The printed version had Dickinson holding aloft a can of dog food, but "the Senator from Iowa did not do it."

"I have the dog food. It is in my office," Senator Dickinson interrupted. Senator Byrnes regretted "to hear him say that he is storing dog food in his office."

Thirty years earlier Upton Sinclair published a novel, "The Jungle," exposing conditions in the Chicago stock-yards. It appalled President Theodore Roosevelt and made him "all act."

According to Finley Peter Dunne's famous fictionalized character, *Mr. Dooley:* "Tiddy was toying with a light breakfast an' idly turnin' over th' pages iv th' new book with both hands. Suddenly he rose fr'm th' table, an' cryin': 'I'm pizened,' begun throwin' sausages out iv th' window." At any rate, he did throw restraint out, hammered the Pure Food Law of 1906 through Congress.

Problem—Will the Dickinson speech hit the dog-food industry as "The Jungle" hit the



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Senator Lester J. Dickinson: "Dog food is . . . being used for human beings"

stock-yards? Some editors take it seriously, but none that seriously.

To the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* (Ind.-Dem.), "it is encouraging that the majority of Senators no longer listen to such stuff."

But the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.-Rep.), speaking seriously, believes Senator Dickinson "touched a sore spot" on some of his Democratic colleagues, and the Cleveland *News* (Rep.) deplores "Senator Byrnes's effort to ridicule what Senator Dickinson had to say." With a trace, but only a trace, of a smile, the Reno *Evening Gazette* (Rep.) concludes: "We knew the country was going to the dogs and here comes Senator Dickinson with the proof."

JOLTING AAA ANEW Dark Horse Vandenberg Pops into the Spotlight

When Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan reached Capitol Hill in 1928, fellow Senators took one look at his massive frame and footballer's chest and dubbed him "pouter pigeon." The tag did not stick; the friendly brown eyes behind the Grand Rapids editor's rimless glasses, the ever-ready smile, soon convinced colleagues that this rugged Republican was anything but pompous.

When he survived the Democratic landslide of 1934, the politicians took notice; recently not only politicians but voters have been taking notice of his adroit thrusts at New Deal stewardship of taxpayers' money. Last week he climaxed this fight, when the Senate finally put through his resolution calling on Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace to reveal big benefit payments under the AAA.

So persistent and effective has been his anti-Administration battle that Franklyn Waltman of the Washington *Post* believes he is really the Republican floor leader, even tho the title is held by Charles L. McNary, of Oregon.

Senator Vandenberg had pressed for publicity for big crop curtailment checks when he learned that one corn-hog producer received $219,825 in two years, a wheat grower $78,638 in two years, and a cotton farmer $168,000.

Press Comment—Surveying the result, the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) finds "evidence of what an effective opposition can do," and the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* (Ind.) says "public opinion forced the Administration to yield."

"Now it appears," remarks the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil* (Ind.), "that the Administration . . . received a dose of their own medicine, and they don't like it."

As a result of Senator Vandenberg's successful strategy, plus his recent indorsement by Michigan Republicans as the Party's standard-bearer, he is hearing a good deal of banter about his dark horse possibilities. The other day some of them greeted him with an "Ah, good morning, Mr. President!"

"You'd better cut out that President stuff," was the reply. "Don't you know that Mr. Hearst has got me linked up with Mr. Hoover?"

Once, when he pushed through a swinging door, he almost knocked Vice President John N. Garner off his feet. Vandenberg apologized, Garner bowed to him as "Mr. President."

But Senator Vandenberg has given no indication that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination; he has referred to the Presidency as "that crucifixion."

Editors show keen interest in what may be revealed by the resolution requiring Secretary Wallace to give the names of all who received $10,000 or more under the AAA program.

But Democratic editors show little perturbation. The Galveston *News* says that "if publication of AAA payments is delayed until government agents finish computing tariff profits, the public will lose what little interest it has in the subject."

Typical of many editorial view-points is this statement by the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.): "The consumer and taxpayer should be informed as to the costs, and who got the money."

LABOR'S BIG PUSHER Lewis Wins Auto Workers and Drives for Steel Industrial Union

Shaggy and battle-scarred, John Llewellyn Lewis of the United Mine Workers loves nothing so much as a good scrap, verbal or otherwise. Last week in his Washington office he waggled a cigar back and forth across his mouth and studied the latest reports on what promises to be the most significant battle of his career.

In South Bend, Indiana, the United Automobile Workers of America had elected officers pledged to follow the advice,

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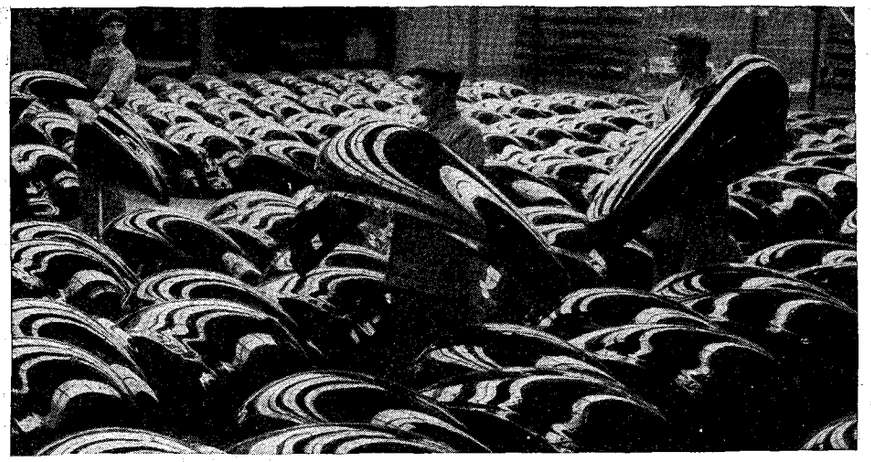

Wide World

United Automobile Workers of America: their new officers favor Lewis program of unionization

and eventually the program, of Lewis's young Committee for Industrial Organization. In Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers had also convened and was trying to make up its mind whether to do likewise.

For the Lewis forces the big push began at the Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City last October. Nettled because out of 32,000,000 wage-earners, only some 4,000,000 were in unions, the miners' leader reiterated his plea.

The figures showed, he said, that organization of workers according to crafts was not practical in the great industries, therefore they must be organized along industrial lines. Thus all automobile workers would be in one union, all steel workers in another. As an illustration, he pointed to the United Mine Workers, which has teamsters, machinists, and carpenters all in the same union.

Since craft unions dominate the A. F. of L. and want their groups to remain intact, the Lewis proposal was rejected. Three weeks later he resigned from the Executive Council of the Federation, organized his Committee, and went to work on the gigantic task of setting up industrial unions in basic industries.

Defiant to Green—To the pleas of his old friend William Green that the activities of the C.I.O. would split the A. F. of L. from top to bottom, he was cold.

"The craft union is obsolete," he said. "Any observing person knows that in modern industry, craftsmen, as such, are vanishing. Workmen have become machine tenders."

Around the Lewis banner flocked the leaders of eight powerful unions such as the clothing workers, the garment workers, and the typographical industry. Through speeches, pamphlets, and field workers they set out to spread their program.

Last week their representatives were in Canonsburg urging the steel workers to accept the C.I.O.'s offer of $500,000 toward the formation of an industrial union. They were also circulating freely among the automobile workers.

The labor press is solidly behind the industrial union movement.

"Experience and wisdom dictate that with the auto workers, a mass-group largely unskilled or semiskilled, the industrial form of organization is inevitable," says the *Labor Record*.

"It would have been nothing short of ridiculous," adds the Paterson *Press*, "to take a half-skilled worker into the painters' union because he was spraying paint on auto bodies, transfer him to the carpenters while he was nailing crates, and eventually make him a sheet-metal worker or welder when he was working on the production line."

BETTER HALVES Women Voters Would Tidy Up With "Qualified Personnel in U. S. Service"

"Women could do as tidy a job of running the Government as they do in running their homes," Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, leading Republican Presidential possibility, believes.

To the National League of Women Voters, governmental administration as tidy as an American housewife's spick and span kitchen can be achieved by putting "qualified personnel in government service."

That sweeping reform will be the only plank which the League will seek to nail to both Parties' political platforms. Eight hundred women, at the League's twelfth national convention in Cincinnati last week, got behind this program by planning a whirlwind campaign.

Bravely invading a sphere long sacred to the two old-line Parties, they urged downward revision of tariffs through reciprocal trade agreements.

Harking back to their long battle for the ballot, they advocated State legislation aiding women workers, and stiffened opposition to all discrimination in public employment based on sex and marital status.

Presiding over the convention was Marguerite M. Wells, of Minneapolis, diminutive, combative veteran of the suffragette wars, kindly and sympathetic social worker, and tireless crusader. A Smith College graduate and one-time school-teacher, Miss Wells has been with the League since 1920, twice its President, having been reelected this year.

Into her smart calf-skin dress-suitcase, along with her conservative convention clothes, Miss Wells stuffed a dozen detective stories to tide her through the five busy days in Cincinnati. She relaxes on them.

FORTY ACRES Spring Planting in Alaskan Valley, Where Drought-Ridden Farmers Found New Homes

It was raining just a year ago when 208 families from drought-parched Northern Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, sturdy Swedes and Finns in their early thirties, debouched into the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation's headquarters at Palmer. They had come by train for thirty-five miles from Anchorage, port and railway town on Cook Inlet, where the Army transport *St. Mihiel* landed them.

For a time everything seemed to go wrong. In less than two months blistering telegrams were being sent demanding a Senatorial investigation, and there was sporadic wrangling on Capitol Hill.

Sprawling Colony—Fifty-two families returned to the "States." Some gaps were filled by native Alaskans. The colony in the lush Matanuska Valley includes 117 homesteaders who had previously settled there.

Home-sites are scattered over a ten- to twelve-mile tract stretching east and south of Palmer in the arms of the towering Chugach Range. The colony nestles in a valley hemmed by snow-crested peaks, and low hills green with spruce and hemlock.

At first, much political ferment was dis-

Acme

Officers of the National League of Women Voters . . . took their political knitting to Cincinnati, for the League's twelfth annual convention

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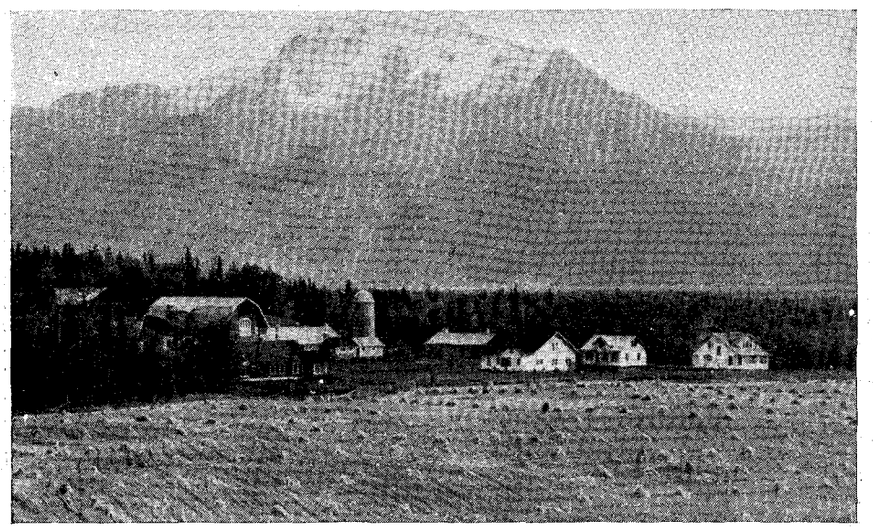
tilled from complaints of Matanuska malcontents, but, when the long arctic winter began, new colonists and older homesteaders settled down. To-day, with appropriate civic pride, they point to their 173 spruce-log cabins and bungalows, with parlor, kitchen, bedrooms, and running water that cost *Uncle Sam* $3,000 each.

There are 123 barns, 188 wells, and eighty-two new miles of roads. A power-plant with steam boilers and Diesel-powered generators heats and lights a community which, a year ago, was a cluster of Army shelter-tents lit by kerosene.



Acme

Crops grow high in Matanuska Valley, Alaska

They take pride in their eight good-looking school-teachers, who, like tutors, travel from house to house to instruct their young charges. A thousand applications for teaching-jobs have been sent to the ARRC. A 1,500-foot steel bridge spans the Knik River, and the Alaska Railroad has built the Territory's largest station.

Homely Cheer—Inside a cabin, a cheery fire crackles, the appetizing aroma of good food from the community store fills the air, and there's mail-order furniture, a radio, and a mimeographed weekly newspaper. If it's Saturday, the homesteaders will be at the community dance-hall, where home-talent music serves. Then, there are snow-sports and bridge in the long evenings.

If the farmers grew tired of bridge last winter, they could pick up a little more Federal cash by shooting wolves. There is a $15 bounty on each wolf killed, and Alaskan wolf-packs roam the country in groups of from fifty to 200.

And money can be made catching trout, too. The Bureau of Fisheries pays 2½ cents for each trout caught. All the angler has to do is produce the head, after he has eaten the fish. The reason: trout eat valuable salmon and halibut eggs in the spring when the fish ascend rivers to spawn, and salmon and halibut fishing is worth $2,000,000 a year to Alaska. Shoot an eagle, and you get $5.

Too Many Cooks—One of the colonists' complaints is FERA overmanagement. There are seventeen Federal department heads, or one to every ten settlers. Their first No. 1 man was Don L. Irwin, a tall, rangy, philosophic agronomist from Alaska Agricultural College. When he left, discontented farmers circulated a round-robin letter asking him to come back. Then came Samuel Richard Fuller, a rayon manufacturer, who was sent to Matanuska to smooth things over.

After him, the Marines were called in the person of Col. LeRoy P. Hunt. Matanuskans affectionately call him their "Happy Colonel." Tho a soldier, his first act was to demilitarize the Federally-regimented colony. He kept his sense of humor, and asked for the glad hand instead of snappy salutes. Eugene ("Trouble-Shooter") Carr from Washington found Matanuska forging ahead under the "Happy Colonel."

They are going ahead, along with spring planting, by envisaging a "Second-Year Plan." Land will be cleared, more roads built, and a creamery and cannery erected. A modern hospital, workers' dormitory, and central grade and high schools with buses are nearing completion.

If each farmer occupies forty acres, the Valley could accommodate at least 850 more families, agronomists estimate. But, they add, it means hard work.

Hard Work—Farmers must dig to get at the soil. Alaskan ground is covered with moss and tundra. Under that is gravel; under the gravel, the needed loam. With little or no draining in Matanuska Valley, water from melting snow and ice seeps directly into the ground, making the earth too rich for productive farming. There are as many as three crops in the 130 summer days with twenty hours of sunshine.

That nourishes the world's biggest potatoes, 400 bushels to the acre, but Alaskans don't like them, because they are wet and soggy. The world's largest strawberries, as big as a baby's fist, are stringy and tasteless. Rhubarb-stalks, as thick as a baseball-bat, are tender, tho the leaves look uncommonly like horse-blankets.

Peas rival *Jack's* bean-stalk, eight feet tall with six-inch pods, thirty bushels to the acre. Cabbages run from fifteen to forty pounds each; carrots as long as your foot run eight tons to the acre, while turnips as big as a man's head average twenty-two tons an acre without benefit of fertilizer.

Yet, for example, Matanuska lettuce and tomatoes would make a most inferior salad. There's a reason for this rank growth with loss of flavor: Alaska's crops rot almost as rapidly as they grow.

Tho nature may be prolific with her fertile gifts in the Valley, Alaskan agricultural engineers say more than conversion of a wilderness into a homeland is needed. The farmers can produce all the food they need, but, unless something is done, there will be no market for their surpluses.

Transportation facilities are few, and freight-rates are very high. It costs as much to ship a crate of American-grown potatoes from Seattle to Ketchikan, 664 miles, as it would to ship a crate of Alaskan-grown spuds from Ketchikan to New York.

When homesteaders grow tired of vegetarianism, and don't want to eat their own live stock—cattle, goats, and hogs—they might go hunting grizzly-bears, mountain-sheep, and wild goats on the near-by peaks. Moose, woodland caribou, spruce-partridges, ptarmigan, geese, ducks, and rabbits cram the forests and tarns, but new colonists must pay heavily to hunt legally, for licenses are expensive for the *cheechako* (tenderfoot).

Angler's Eden—If wild game is plentiful, but costly to shoot, fish is equally plentiful, and costs nothing to catch. Salmon follow the tides up the Matanuska River. These huge, voracious fish snap at a fly, or strike savagely at glittering spinners. Customs records at Juneau (Alaskan Capital) alone show 42,290 pounds of iced trout shipped from Southeastern Alaska in the first six months of last year.

Now, there's not much time for hunting and fishing. It's time to plant another crop, for spring has hit Alaska with a rush. When the ice broke in the Tanana River on April 30, it was Alaska's official spring, and two syndicates of Juneau citizens holding lucky tickets split a $72,000 pot, less $18,000 taxes for *Uncle Sam*.

It's the twentieth anniversary of a lottery that began at Nenana, a railway junction fifty miles south of Fairbanks, with a $500 wager on when the ice-jam would break up. Now, every sourdough who can spare a dollar takes a chance, because he knows it's on the square.

Alaskans love to gamble, as every Jack London and Rex Beach fan knows. To jeering prospectors, trappers, and fishermen who turn gravel, pelts, and silver salmon into gold, and tell the Matanuskans that their colony is a hopeless gamble that won't turn up a winner, the farmers reply, as they go about their spring planting:

"Say that again in five years."

ALCATRAZ GANTLET

Guns Drop Convict Bolting From "Escape-Proof" Prison

"Can it be done?"

Over and over that desperate question raced through the feverish brain of Convict Joe Bowers one day last week.

The hills of the big city across the water danced invitingly in the sun. It was worth trying.

So, he took his chance.

There must be some way of escaping, he had muttered, even from this isolated fortress of cement and steel perched on a barren rock high above the racing currents of San Francisco Bay—some way.

Thus reasoned the convict, one of the

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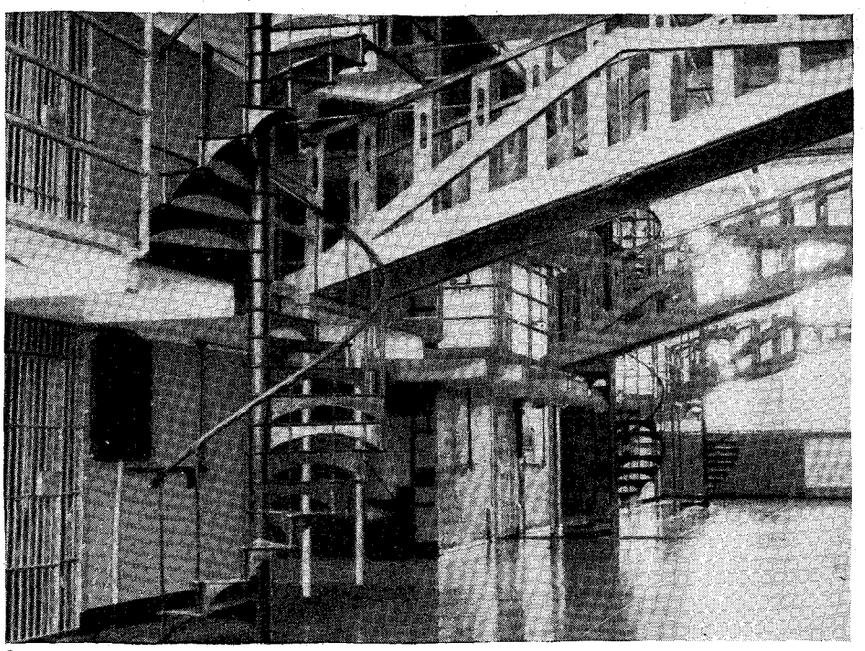

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"Alcatraz hurts—but it works"

250-odd "tough" men in Alcatraz, the Government's isolation ward for the most incorrigible incorrigibles. They said the glowering prison was escape-proof. Pfft! There never was an escape-proof pen.

Others had plenty of bars and guards, walls and barbed wire, machine-guns, sirens, watch-towers, and search-lights. Yet bars could be sawed, a tunnel could be dug, a guard or a trusty might be bribed.

A mug could have a file or a gun smuggled in, or have a prison-yard riot staged to cover his flight. There always was some way, and Alcatraz could not be different. Harder to get out of, certainly, but not escape-proof.

He canvassed all possibilities. He couldn't have a gun or a file smuggled in. Every visitor—and visitors were few—had to stand before a mechanical "frisker," which detected the presence of any tiny bit of metal. Furthermore, not even the most adroit of those rare visitors could pass any object to him; any conversations were carried on through a steel mesh in a bullet-proof glass wall under the chilly eyes of a guard.

A tunnel? No chance; the prison is built on solid rock. Bribe a trusty? There are no trusties here. A guard? All the guards are specially chosen, highly-trained men, aloof, impersonal. The idea of having a riot staged also offered no hope. Prisoners are not allowed to congregate even during their Saturday afternoon recreation period in the yard. Machine-guns on the walls cover every inch of space. In the mess-hall, four big tanks of tear gas suspended from the ceiling would stop any revolt the minute it started.

Puzzling Problem—Still, there must be some way. Of course, he couldn't overpower a guard and seize his gun. The guards are locked up in their own separate cage; doors to the cell-block and all the gates are operated by remote control.

The prison yard is ringed by a twenty-foot wall, but outside, where prisoners sometimes are sent to work, there is a wire fence about seven feet high. Beyond it is a cliff, sixty feet below the bay. If he could climb that fence without being shot, run to the cliff and leap over or slide down it—he would either be crushed on the jagged rocks below, or, if he hit the water, blasted by machine-gun bullets the instant he came to the surface. Even if he escaped the rocks and some inconceivable factor paralyzed the machine-guns, his chances of drowning in the mile of swift, cold water between him and the shore would be excellent. But if a man is tough enough—

So, last week one prisoner tried it. He was the first to try since Alcatraz was made a Federal prison in 1933. Bullets and a broken neck answered his challenge.

Sanford Bates, Federal Director of Prisons, was visiting Warden James A. Johnston when Joe Bowers, mail robber, serving twenty-five years, took the long chance.

Stopped by Bullets—Detailed for work on the prison incinerator, Bowers ran for the seven-foot fence near the cliff. Guards yelled for him to turn back. He kept on, and the guards fired twice into the ground. He scaled the fence. As he landed on the other side, bullets hit him and he dropped over the cliff.

Bowers's attempt confirmed what every criminal in Alcatraz knows, that even the long-chance route is a gantlet of death. That is why none of that desperate crew—and they include George (Machine-Gun) Kelly, Harvey Bailey, Al Capone and Albert Bates—has ever tried it.

But while Alcatraz to-day may be escape-proof, it has not always been so. In 1862 when "the Rock," as it is called, was a military prison, three prisoners, soldiers, filed their chains, cut bars, stole a boat, and escaped. In 1908 a prisoner leaped into the swirling current, was picked up by a boat, and got away.

In 1926, a plot for a general break was thwarted when the commander, hearing of it, invited the prisoners to "go ahead and swim." Nobody accepted. None but the hardiest could have made the shore.

Successful Plot—The cleverest escape from Alcatraz came in 1903, when four men "left the island under military escort—they escaped, that is, with the full assistance of the highest authorities of the War Department." This little known story was uncovered by Stephen E. Fitzgerald in an article written for the Baltimore *Sun* when Alcatraz became a Federal prison:

"Making their plans carefully, working out every detail, the four men relied largely upon the Army's traditional adherence to rules and regulations. One of the regulations, governing the release of prisoners, stated that men whose conduct had been exemplary, could be released before the end of their sentences with the approval of the prison commander and War Department officials.

"Such releases, of course, could also be ordered directly from the War Department. The necessary procedure was complicated by red tape, but it was this red tape that helped the prisoners to success.

"One of the four men was an expert printer. Working so carefully that he was never suspected, this man set up the printed duplicates of the official prison release papers. Another of the men was handy with a pen. This one filled out the forms describing himself and his three friends in the highest terms."

The men's conduct was excellent, said the documents. There was every reason to free them. At the bottom was the prison commander's name to attest it.

One of the plotters, a trusty in the adjutant's office, had an enlisted postman slip the papers into a mail-sack. San Francisco officers looked at the official prison envelop and sped it on to Army headquarters.

Red Tape Works—The papers were shuttled from bureau to bureau, finally got to the War Department. Approved, they were sent back to the prison.

"Army officers at Alcatraz must have been surprized when they received the releases, but they recalled that it was not theirs to reason why. The prison red tape unwound without a hitch until the four prisoners, expressing innocent delight at this unexpected turn in their fortunes, were led under military escort to the shore boat. Each was given a suit of clothes, a hat, and a $5 bill. Once at San Francisco, the prisoners were formally given their freedom and an official blessing. And that was all there was to it."

Within a few hours the plot was discovered, but only the forger was recaptured, when he was arrested on the street for drunkenness.

Such an escape to-day would be impossible. When Alcatraz became a Federal prison—America's "Devil's Island"—the Government spent $250,000 to modernize it, make it escape-proof. Warden Johnston, a ruddy-faced, gray-haired man of medium height, who started life as a department store clerk, organized the prison "on a basis of utmost security and with emphasis on discipline." He believes in plenty of hard work for criminals, thinks capital punishment has little influence as a crime deterrent. He puts into practise what he learned about criminals as Warden of San Quentin Prison.

Nobody is sentenced to Alcatraz; only the most dangerous criminals are transferred there from other prisons. And they "stay put." Says the San Francisco *Examiner:*

"Alcatraz hurts, but it works."

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Topics in Brief

ANOTHER form of soil erosion F. D. R. craves is a landslide in 1936.—*Birmingham News.*

WHEN you give Hitler an inch, he takes a mile. Not, you will note, a league.—*Dallas Morning News.*

THOSE who fear for Uncle Sam's health point to his rapidly expanding waste-line.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

ONE person in each eight will have an accident this year. The other seven have accident insurance.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

WHEN a man is campaigning we wonder where all the money comes from, and after he is elected where it all goes to.—*American Lumberman.*

PEANUT politics: Charging your opponent with saying something he didn't say and then denouncing him for saying it.—*Dayton Journal.*

ETHIOPIA Still Hoping Capital May Be Saved. For the past few years that's been the hope of many a man in the United States.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

CHICAGO mail-order houses are complaining of delays in the postal service. Be patient, men—Senator Black is reading as fast as he can.—*Detroit News.*

A LATE cable from Rome has big business and Il Duce's Government going forward in perfect accord. Like Jonah and the whale.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THE Administration's strategy on the 'Quoddy project seems to have been borrowed from that old vaudeville line—"You can't fire me—I resigned an hour ago."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THERE'S no need this year for politicians to set out to stump the country—it's already stumped.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

THERE is some curiosity as to what the key-noter will say at the prohibition national convention. Presumably it won't be: "When."—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

LAW presumes a man innocent until he is found guilty. And then, if he has any money left, his lawyer continues the presumption.—*Savannah (Ga.) Morning News.*

"IT can readily be seen that this country is getting up steam," declares an editor. Well, maybe so, but it looks more like fog to us.—*Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THERE is not much difference between a Republican who demands that Roosevelt refuse Tammany support and a Democrat who calls upon Landon to repudiate Hearst.—*Tulsa World.*

MR. DIONNE'S plea to the British Crown was denied. We had looked for a compromise in the traditional British spirit—perhaps an offer to let him keep the next set of quints.—*Barron's.*

A WESTERN Congressman recommends rolling over eighty times a day as a means of keeping in condition. But what if President Roosevelt isn't there to snap his fingers?—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

AGAIN the British Chancellor of the Exchequer is able to show a neat surplus on the year's business. It seems that England has recovered about 80 per cent. of her prosperity and some of ours.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

WITH the exception of world unrest, a four-year-old garden hose can break out in the most places.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

BORAH, who is seventy-one, has his eye on an old-age pension for himself that beats anything Doctor Townsend has proposed.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

THE G. O. P. is reported horrified over the ideas of Chairman Fletcher's brain trust. Better stick to the old principle of not mixing brains and politics.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

GREAT BRITAIN has increased the duty on teas twopence per pound. A lot of water has flowed in and out of Boston Harbor since 1775.—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

MAYBE that Congressman who was arrested in Washington for traveling seventy miles an hour was under the impression he was passing another billion-dollar appropriation bill.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A NEW rayon thread reported before the American Chemical Society here last week is so fine that a pound, unrolled, would reach from New York to Los Angeles, and may later appear as another Ickes project.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE Rome Government, it appears, maintains that the League of Nations was formed to preserve peace, but not to prevent war; in other words, to make life secure but not to prevent murder. Well, it took them a long time to think that one up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A JO DAVIDSON statuette of the New Deal chief is to be reproduced in miniatures and sold to raise funds for the Democratic campaign. A news item on the subject in the New York *Herald Tribune* says, somewhat gratuitously, that "the original bust is in the White House."—*Kansas City Star.*

COLD COMFORT!

—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

THE MONSTER BOOK OF THE MONTH

—Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

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GOLDEN PLUM OF ETHIOPIA FOR IL DUCE

Emperor Without an Empire Flees; Anarchy Rules Capital

Before Luigi Orazio, Count Vinci-Gigliucci, Mussolini's Minister to Ethiopia, hustled out of Africa at the beginning of the war last October, he wrote his ruler that Haile Selassie's kingdom was a "ripe, golden plum, ready to drop into Il Duce's lap."

Last week, amid a whirlwind of excitement, the golden plum dropped.

With one Italian army on the doorstep of Addis Ababa, Ethiopian Capital, and another rapidly closing in from the South, Haile Selassie, comely little King of Kings, packed up his bags, hurried his family to the railroad station, and skipped out of the country over the same route taken by Count Vinci-Gigliucci exactly seven months before.

Haggard and overwhelmed, exhausted from want of sleep and food, the Emperor was met at Djibouti, Capital and port of French Somaliland, by pitying throngs. An Italian newspaper man who attempted to photograph him was nearly mobbed.

Harbored as a "guest of the French Government" in the Governor's Palace, he was fed and put to bed, an Emperor without an Empire. While he slept, officials in France and Great Britain scratched their heads, wondering what to do with him.

Meanwhile, anarchy reigned in his sun-baked Capital, sprawled in a forest of blue gum trees at the base of church-crowned Mt. Intotto.

Raging Mobs—News of the Emperor's flight sent mobs raging through the streets, sacking the modern Palace which resembles an American department store, and rushing home with pieces of antique furniture, costly clothes, and bedding.

Food stores and liquor shops came next. Liquor-crazed, the inhabitants broke into munition dumps and armed themselves. Soon the streets became a shambles, as ancient religious and racial prejudices blazed again in this caldron of many peoples. Fire broke out, and the dead cluttered the gutters.

Fifteen hundred of Addis Ababa's 2,000 foreigners sought shelter in the French, British, and American Legations, where, behind barbed wires and high walls, armed guards stood ready to defend them. Informed that an American correspondent and a British physician were wounded, and an American woman missionary was killed, the American Legation prepared to evacuate for greater safety in the heavily fortified British compound.

Jubilant Romans draped their homes with banners of victory and hovered over their radios to catch first word of Marshal Pietro Badoglio's entry into Addis Ababa.

Fallen Empire—"The departure of the Negus constitutes flight, even desertion," crowed the *Giornale d'Italia*, Mussolini's mouthpiece. "His population deserted him. He in turn abandoned them. Badoglio is hailed by natives and foreigners. He must save the Capital of a fallen Empire. The anarchy which exploded as soon as the Negus fled proves that the last vestige of Ethiopian authority has departed forever."

Britons, however, had other notions. Smooth young Anthony Eden was observed dashing into his Foreign Office, where he spent the day in a whirl of consultations. Reporters, waiting in the foyer, were told that plans were being drawn up for a League of Nations parley on May 11, when England may abandon the sanctions declared against Mussolini last winter.

Irate officials denied that Anglo-French consultations, proceeding in Paris as well as in London, envisaged a round-table conference with Italy to "carve up Ethiopia's corpse."

The nettled mood in which Great Britain received news of the victory, however, was seen in a speech by Earl Stanhope, aristocratic Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who predicted that, because of sanctions, "Italy is in a far worse position now than she would have been if she had never gone to war."

"It will be months, if not years," he added, "before they can reduce their forces in Ethiopia. The war is not yet over."

Britain Arming—To back up this mood, the British Government last week set about riveting together, at double speed and a cost of $15,000,000, thirty-eight brand-new war-ships as a "precautionary" measure in the Mediterranean.

Neither speech nor war-ships ruffled Il Duce, who, when word of Haile Selassie's flight reached Rome, was discovered addressing a farmers' meeting from the balcony of his weather-beaten old Palazzo Venezia (Venetian Palace).

Stockier, healthier than he had been at the war's commencement, he bit into a ripe tomato, laughed, and cried happily: "You see, the situation has changed."

Meanwhile his book-keepers examined the golden plum of Africa to determine how much its plucking has cost and how much gold, in the end it might yield.

Il Duce and his followers—victorious at last

On the debit side of their ledgers they found:

Item 1: Cost of the Ethiopian campaign from the end of September to the end of April, $700,000,000. Since then, an additional $115,000,000 has been poured out to keep the olive-green motorized columns chugging over the African mountains, at a weekly cost of $25,000,000.

Item 2: A loss of $160,000,000 in Italy's gold reserve—nearly half her bullion—as a result of League of Nations sanctions. What the eventual cost of sanctions will be in loss of trade and international goodwill remains unestimated.

Item 3: Casualties estimated variously at 5,000 to 10,000. This means generations of outlay in pensions to disabled soldiers and to the families of the slain. Ethiopian casualties are estimated roughly at 50,000 killed and wounded.

Black Ink—But, on the brighter side of the ledger, they noted:

Item 1: Imminent annexation of the world's oldest Christian State would add 350,000 square miles—seven times the area of New York State—and 10,000,000 new subjects to Mussolini's domain, making him ruler over 1,387,479 square miles, an Empire one-tenth the size of Britain's far-flung territory.

Item 2: Military prestige incalculable to an Italy bent on curbing England's power in the Mediterranean and elbowing her way into a roomier "place in the sun."

Item 3: New fields for Italy's land-hungry peasants; new colonial industries in which to dump several millions of Italy's 42,000,000 overcrowded, underpaid population.

LEFTIST LANDSLIDE Poll in France Gives Power to Popular Front Bloc

Frenchmen, traditionally thrifty with their money, are no pikers when it comes to political parties.

Trotting to polls on election day, they usually choose candidates from eighteen to twenty parties, running the gamut in political complexion from Fascist-minded Conservative to crimson Communist.

Sometimes, so great is the welter of candidates and issues, that after the ballots of France's 11,500,000 voters are counted, nothing but confusion remains. This is what happened on April 26, when nearly 5,000 candidates scrambled for 618 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and only 185 chalked up electing majorities.

In the little vineyard town of Saint-Gaudens, for instance, 111 Frenchmen—one man in every ten of the population—vied for a single office.

Shake-Down Process—Elections are then run through again a week later, a shake-down process out of which comes a governing body for the next four years.

In this run-off election last week, a new and staggering situation confronted the average Frenchman. Tho there was still a long row of party insignia on his ballot, he well knew, after a final week of feverish electioneering, that he had a choice between only two rock-ribbed groups.

If he had a Left slant, he was forced to vote for whatever candidate the pooled parties of the Popular Front bloc set up

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Wide World

Léon Blum, Socialist leader: his Party now dominates French Popular Front

in his community. If, on the other hand, he favored the Right, he was practically committed to the candidate upon whom the united Nationalist Front pinned its hopes.

With only a sharply-defined Left or Right choice to make, Frenchmen last week plunged heavily toward the Left.

Sunday returns gave the Popular Front 375 of the Chamber's 618 seats. Communists had greatest cause for jubilation, having jumped their representation from ten seats in the last session to seventy-one in the next.

In boulevard-circled Paris, and in Marseilles, colorful Mediterranean seaport, they poured into the streets, together with their allies, the Socialists, singing "The Internationale," red battle hymn, and waving the red banner of radical labor.

Erudite Albert Sarraut, French Premier, looked through his thick glasses at his list of Cabinet Ministers, and found four of them swept away by the landslide from the Left.

The Popular Front announced that it will dictate a new Left Wing Government as soon as Parliament convenes on June 1.

Its leaders will be:

Edouard Daladier, short, stocky Radical Socialist and former Premier, whose strength lies in the French peasants and small shopkeepers, the thrifty lower middle class of the Provinces.

Disillusioned Veteran—Emerging disillusioned from four years of war as a sergeant, Daladier goes only part-way along the Socialist path of his allies.

Should he break with them—as opponents of the Popular Front believe is likely—his fluent oratory may lead 115 Deputies out of the bloc, thereby rendering the next session of the Chamber as turbulent and ungovernable as the last.

Definitely to his left stands Léon Blum, veteran Socialist, with the strength of 145 Deputies behind him. Wealthy, baldish, a dilettante in art and literature, he looks like an old-fashioned professor with his habitual wing collar and his *pince-nez* tipped at an angle on his face.

A brilliant strategist, rather than a popular figure, Blum rocketed into favor last year on a wave of sympathy that followed a well-nigh fatal assault upon him by young Fascists.

Should old age and ill-health prevent him—as is rumored—from assuming Cabinet office, Vincent Auriol, his youthful lieutenant, will fill his chair and act as his mouthpiece.

Stormy Editor—Most prominent in the Communist camp is Paul Vaillant-Couturier, bushy-haired and stormy editor of red *L'Humanite*. Wealthy, fond of hunting, with his American wife on his own estate, Vaillant-Couturier alternates politics with painting.

Jailed recently for red activities, he painted thirty pictures which were later exhibited in one of Paris's most conservative galleries.

Like most Communist deputies, Vaillant-Couturier draws his strength from the "Red Ring" of industrial communities around Paris.

Out of a hundred of these factory towns, with a population equaling Paris's 3,000,000, some forty-seven have Communist officials ranging all the way from Fire Chief to Mayor. Fifteen others are completely Socialist, seven Radical.

In Villejuif, where Vaillant-Couturier presides as Mayor, he has built new schoolhouses, hospitals, and workingmen's clubhouses, all in modern design, glittering with concrete and glass-brick.

Flight of Gold—Alarmed at the nation's red tinge, many wealthy Frenchmen have begun shipping their gold out of the country. In five weeks $247,358,000 in bullion has been withdrawn from the Bank of France.

Comment in the French press took its black-and-white coloration from the two great Fronts.

To *Le Temps*, spokesman for the Foreign Office, "the danger for the country remains more than ever a Communist danger." "The Communist *Humanité* naturally appraised the vote "a great success for all parties favoring liberty and peace."

While Marshal Henri Petain, former Minister of War and World War Commander, warned that "Frenchmen are bringing Communism within the circle of admissible doctrines," Jules Sauerwein, of the *Paris-Soir*, found that the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact had made Bolshevism "respectable."

SPANISH ELECTION Velvet Put on Palace Benches for Voting on Zamora's Successor

In a single-story rectangular glass structure overlooking a lake in Retiro Park, Madrid, Spain will select the second President of its second Republic next Sunday.

Through the pillared entrance of this, the old, disused Crystal Palace, 946 electors will step at 7 P.M. on that day to cast their votes.

Last week, to make them thoroughly comfortable, $83,000 was spent to cover a thousand wooden benches with deep red velvet, set up four handy bars and fifty telephones.

There, under the huge central dome, these electors will decide who succeeds Niceto Alcala Zamorá, the short, bland "Father of the Republic," summarily ousted more than a fortnight ago for illegally dissolving two Parliaments.

Deputies to Vote—The electors are the 473 Deputies of the Cortes (Parliament) and 473 others chosen in national elections early last week directly by the people.

In this poll a third of Spain's voters turned out to mark their crosses for the most part for candidates of the Popular Front. They thereby reaffirmed the result of the February 26 parliamentary election.

Hence, in next Sunday's Presidential election the victor will be a Leftist.

Manuel Azaña, thick-set, scholarly Premier, a Left Republican, has seemed all along a "natural" for the highest office in the land. But he stedfastly refused to run.

The Premier's feeling is that as leader of the Left he is infinitely more valuable in his current post, where he can maintain the harmony needed in the lopsided Popular Front.

A safe guess then was that Diego Martinez Barrio, Provisional President, Azaña's close friend, would be the next President.

Fear and Query—Chief fear of the conservative wing of the Leftists, to whom Azaña belongs, is Francisco Largo Caballero, ex-plasterer, self-styled future "Lenin of Spain," whose Socialists were mainly responsible for the February 26 victory.

Largo Caballero is the big question mark in next Sunday's vote.

Last week much of Spain's interest, however, centered on the effect of the Rightists' abstention from the week's electoral poll.

"The Leftist victory would have been much more decisive," the Socialist organ *El Socialista* said, "if the Rightists had participated in the elections. They abstained in order to avoid defeat.

To this the monarchist daily *ABC* retorted that the Left Republicans did not poll as many votes as they did in the February legislative elections. The independent *La Vanguardia*, however, explained that "there could not be any serious contest with only one warrior in the field."

Wide World

Manuel Azaña, Spain's Premier: he jockeys for key position in crisis over Presidential election

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NAZI WRANGLE Schacht Enraged as Goering Becomes Virtual Dictator Over Reich Economics

A scrawny, aging, fair-haired man whose receding chin bobs above a collar inches too high and sizes too large for him looked up sleepily from the terrace of his hotel at Badenweiler Spa, southwestern Germany, one day last week. A bell-boy handed him a telegram.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, German Minister of Economics, Reichsbank President, for three years unofficial economics dictator under Hitler, read the message wide-eyed, grabbed his hat and bag, dashed for Berlin.

As he fidgeted and fumed in his train compartment, the Berlin bourse slumped uneasily; the Swiss franc, among other things, hit a new low for the year.

In Britain, where rumor recently had Schacht dickering for a badly needed loan, bankers anxiously waited developments in Germany.

At the German capital Schacht rushed in a rage to a secret conference with Chancellor Hitler, and threatened to resign.

Three hours later, after staying to lunch, he left the chancellery with the situation unchanged: Col.-Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, many-uniformed Reich Air Minister, Prussian Premier, Director General of State Theaters and Operas, Reich Master of the Hunt, etc., stayed as his new boss.

Economics Dictator—During Schacht's absence in Badenweiler Chancellor Hitler had surprizingly created Goering Commissar in charge of raw materials and foreign exchange. The position made him official economics dictator, with power to overrule all except Hitler himself.

Thus the rotund, barrel-chested Prussian Premier became Nazi No. 2—a nauseating dose for his chief rival, Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels, cocky little Propaganda Minister.

Schacht, a Nazi Right-Winger, the only German trusted by foreign financiers, long had hoped to slip from his dubious "unofficial" economics dictatorship into the official rôle himself.

His position of late had become intolerable. With hot-tempered courage and a stubbornness as traditionally Teutonic as his flat-backed head, he fired blast after blast at the Party he would not join.

When Goebbels banned a pro-Jewish speech of his in the press, the passionate banker, who, as a young man, published sentimental verses and treatises on Kant, circularized the country with pamphlets from the Reichsbank presses.

Goebbels and other Nazi Left-Wingers had wrangled jealously over Schacht's shrinking supply of gold and foreign currency. They urged inflation, and cried ceaselessly for more money to spend. Schacht's reiterated *Nein!* led to an armed impasse from which only more power could extricate him. Hitler was finally obliged to act. He named Goering economics dictator, but aside from that avoided making a decision on future policies.

Whether Schacht will resign eventually is problematical.

Schacht had the support of powerful conservative industrialists. Many of these old friends now have turned against him. To provide funds for foreign war materials essential to rearmament, the Economics Minister engineered an artificial export boom.

Thus, altho German exports swelled to $1,708,000,000 last year, the goods sold at a loss. In building the enviable total, Schacht milked industry in general of a sum estimated at 7 per cent. of its yearly turnover.

Industrialists resented the toll, balked on May 1 a demand by the Economics Minister for a billion marks more for the current year's export subsidy. Hotly they demanded devaluation instead.

Chancellor Hitler is understood to be anxious to continue the present economic policy until after the Olympic Games this summer.

Long Conference—Goering, also a Nazi Right-Winger, is keeping a discreet silence until the storm blows over. Going easy at the start, he had a long official conference with Schacht.

He announced afterward that for the moment he would confine himself to coordinating raw materials and foreign exchange needs with the nation's resources.

In one respect there has been much in common between the two men. Schacht has been supremely generous in Army finances. Last year the new Colonel General grabbed a huge share of the $4,000,000,000 war fund Banker Schacht raised almost miraculously.

But, like all Nazis, the Colonel General has clamored for vast expenditures, and political gossips credit the two men with fierce rows of late on the subject.

Perfectly cognizant of this, the Army nevertheless is on Schacht's side. Reportedly in support of him is Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg, War Minister. The Army was pictured as needing Schacht to provide the stupendous demands of the rearmament program.

As one official is reported to have summed up the question:

"Blomberg realizes only too well that when others have already been forced to give adulterated bluish milk, Schacht still manages to serve cream."

NEW KING ON NILE Faruck Succeeds Fuad in Critical Hour for Modern Egypt

Along Cairo's sun-bleached avenues the flag-draped coffin of Fuad, first king of an independent Egypt in modern times, lumbered to its final rest, last week.

From Abdin Palace, its façade ablaze with electric lights in the scorching heat, the cortage moved heavily up Citadel Hill to Al Rifai Mosque to the steady beat of muffled drums.

Black streamers floated feebly from lamp-posts. Turbaned and red-fezzed Moslems, white-robed Christian Copts, pith-helmeted Englishmen, and Frenchmen squinted painfully from overflowed sidewalks.

Shrill cries of "Allah, there is no God but Allah!" pierced the distant, rumbling salvos of cannons.

Behind the impressively simple coffin, gaily-bedecked troops strode stiffly. There were no automobiles; no women mourners; few flowers.

As the procession approached the mosque, the throats of seven prize bulls were slit in sacrificial ritual.

Finally, the body of the hulking, spike-mustached monarch was laid beside his forefathers of the Mohammed Ali dynasty in Al Rifai's cool crypt after an entirely typical oriental funeral.

Already the alabaster-white streets were ringing with shouts of "Faruck. Long live King Faruck!"

At that moment the new ruler of the 14,000,000 Egyptians, fair, rosy-cheeked, six-foot Faruck, was being escorted across the English Channel by two British destroyers, on his way home by way of France.

Regency Scheduled—Fuad's handsome, blue-eyed heir, only sixteen, will rule under a regency until he is eighteen. For two years he has been in England, studying with tutors specially recommended by the

Keystone Photographs

Egypt's new ruler, King Faruck, and Sir Miles W. Lampson (right), British High Commissioner, who is negotiating with Egyptian Nationalists for the country's independence

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Colonial Office. Since last autumn he has been attending the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

He speaks English without an accent, is gifted with a discerning tact, a direct and winning manner. His forbears were Albanian, and he looks not unlike Mohammed Ali, daring eighteenth century soldier who founded the present ruling House. His mother's great-great-grandfather was Lieutenant-Colonel Sève of the French Dragoons, who went to Egypt with Napoleon.

Much older than his years, King Faruck is unusually self-possessed, has created a favorable impression with Britons.

He becomes King at the most difficult moment of modern Egypt's history. Currently under way are negotiations for a treaty giving the land of the Nile more than nominal independence under British influence.

These negotiations are being conducted for Egypt by a United Front Party delegation, and for England by the six-foot, four-inch Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson, the High Commissioner.

The late Fuad was regarded as a conciliator in Egyptian State affairs. In the Anglo-Egyptian talks he inaugurated he had often intervened when they seemed ready to collapse in moments of deadlock. Of all Egyptians, he saw clearest Britain's justifiable claims to empire security in Egypt.

Deposition by Britain—In 1914, three years before he ascended the throne, England had deposed Abbas Hilmy, pro-Turkish, pro-German Egyptian ruler. With one stroke, Turkish suzerainty over Egypt was wiped out and an English Protectorate was declared.

Hussein Kamel, the deposed ruler's uncle, was made Sultan. He died in 1917.

Britain passed over Hussein's two sons in favor of his youngest brother, Ahmed Fuad, for Sultan.

Europeanized, waxed-mustached Fuad, whose spendthrift father had been deposed under pressure from Great Britain and France, grew unpopular. Agitators reminded the credulous public that Fuad had passed his youth in Italy and was the friend of its royal family.

Under the leadership of elderly Said Zaghlul Pasha, Egyptian Nationalists (Wafdists), wanted the Sultan to break off from England.

Fuad advocated tact and patience.

From then on they considered him England's friend and the enemy of Nationalism.

In 1922, Britain ended the protectorate and recognized Egypt as an "independent sovereign State." Fuad's pointed mustaches twitched at the prospect of a Wafdist-run Egypt. He decided to rule with British advice and a Court Party from his Abdin Palace, guarded by the dark red and gold figures of Nubian giants. Twice in the next seven years he suspended Parliament.

Disgruntled Wafdists tried to deal with Britain's Labor Government in 1929, but failed over the Sudan.

Early this year Egyptian sympathy for Ethiopia suddenly changed into outbursts against England.

Anxious to save England's face, Sir Miles Lampson restored Egypt's 1923 Constitution and invited Egypt to resume independence negotiations left off in 1930. These the new King now must father.

TYRO FUEHRERS Future Hitlers in Strenuous Mental and Physical Training for Leadership

The tall, blond young Nazis will line up smartly in the cobble-stone inspection-yard. They are fresh, strong, young Germans who click heels snappily.

Their faces are tanned, their eyes deep blue.

At 5 A.M. a dash to icy showers, a frugal breakfast munched, and the first Spartan-like day for these stalwarts begins.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler has chosen them from among the "flower of Aryan manhood" to train in this, one of three special supergovernment schools, to be future fuehrers. They must be between twenty-five and thirty.

It is June, and they are lining up at Sonthofen, in the Bavarian Alps, where the Elbe runs like a green, quivering ribbon through blossoming mountainside.

There are schools, too, at Croessin Lake, Pomerania, and Vögelsang, Rhenish Prussia.

All are housed in new castle-like barracks, luxuriously modeled after the style of the region. There are lecture-halls, dormitories, sport-fields. Each school has about 1,000 students.

All three last week were dedicated by the Reichsfuehrer himself.

Fateful Choice—Upon these students, to be graduated three years hence, the Chancellor feels the ultimate fate of the Nazi régime depends. He has, therefore, chosen them with care.

Their Party records must be above question, even from the time, as Hitler youths, they played martial games with padded spears.

They must have done their stint in Storm-Troop battalions, Labor Corps, and military service. Their genealogical trees must be speckless.

Their training is to be a combination of the educational principles of the Prussian officers' corps and the Catholic Church.

In fact, they will be the first student rulers in history (if royal heirs apparent are excepted) to set out to study methodically the practical art of government.

Mind and Body—The course covers two phases: mental and physical. Through extracurricular activities ranging from mountain-climbing to parachute-jumping, character, manhood, courage, quickness of decision, and boldness of action are to be developed.

From morning to night student life will be austere and serious. To insure discipline, they periodically must give up smoking, drinking, and other "indulgences."

In the classroom the basis of teaching will be the mastery of the art of applied propaganda. The tyro fuehrers will study racial research, history, philosophy, sociology, and economics under professors thoroughly grounded in the course's goal.

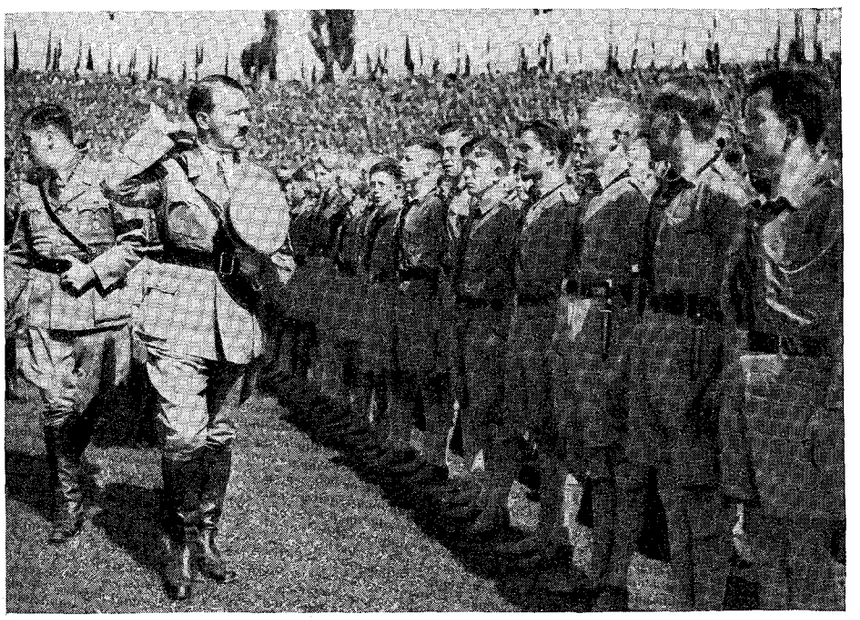
Lectures will be given as in colleges, and, then, taken up again in seminars of fifty students each. Afterward the "castle" commander will criticize his charges much in the manner of a general at maneuvers.

Upon completion of this course, six months of post-graduate study will follow at Marienburg Castle, a red brick Gothic fortress on the Polish-East Prussian border.

Honor and Glory—Thus prepared for leadership, the young future Hitlers will slip into high government posts. Theirs will be honor and glory, and, what is more important, freedom from material needs. They will not be able to amass wealth, nor will they have to worry about money matters.

Chancellor Hitler has taken a special interest in his new schools. He feels the need for them is evidenced by the current lack of qualified subordinate leaders to run administrative and party machines.

Many of the men who rose to power with him are a picaresque lot of soldiers of fortune. Chosen for leadership according to their success in the Nazi struggle, the average run of them showed scant ability despite their unquestioned loyalty to the cause. An attempt to provide this lack by a hurried four or six weeks' training brought admittedly inadequate results. The outcome was that many Germans



European

Is there another Hitler in the crowd?

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often called Hitler the only real 100 per cent. Nazi.

Prophetically, the Chancellor announced at the dedication of the school in Pomerania:

"These schools must close the gaps that death tears in the ranks of our generation. For Germany does not die with us, and from these schools shall rise new life for the future."

CLASHING AUSTRIANS

Two Leaders Pick Fight After Insurance Company Collapse

Lean and bespectacled, Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg glowered across the Cabinet table at Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg, the Vice-Chancellor, last week.

Before him for decision was the most exasperating affair of state since the Nazi putsch of 1934—the collapse of an Austrian insurance company in March with a loss of $50,000,000.

The company had greased the palms of politicians left and right. Schuschnigg planned to avoid a scandal by announcing a general reform of insurance methods in which the mess would be quietly straightened out.

Hurriedly, he dashed off to Rome to see Premier Mussolini. Starhemberg, the tall, eagle-beaked chief of the *Heimwehr* and Schuschnigg's political rival, hastily summoned a Cabinet meeting, issued a communiqué admitting the insurance company had crashed.

List of Recipients—Faced with political embarrassment, the Chancellor luckily got hold of a list of those paid by the insurance concern, containing the names of his enemies.

Last week public opinion demanded that the Government act. Schuschnigg saw a chance for a counter-stroke. The Cabinet met in an electric atmosphere to make a decision. Starhemberg fought to suppress the list. Schuschnigg glowered at him, burning over his rival's surprize communiqué.

Finally he had his way.

Number one on the insurance list given out in a communiqué was Starhemberg's name, credited with 95,000 schillings ($18,000).

FAMINE IN CHINA Millions Dying in Area Devastated in War-Lords' Family Feud

Mountain-girded Szechuan Province, 1,000 miles up the meandering Yangtze River from Shanghai, has for generations been called "the golden granary of China."

Its fertile foot-hills around sacred Mt. Omai and its silted plains provided rice for a fourth of China, bales of costly *crêpe de Chine* from mulberry-fed silkworms, 15,000,000 annual pounds of brick tea, and the world's supply of wood-oil, a vegetable juice used in printing-inks and varnishes.

Scant dispatches last week from this remote region, as big as Spain and twice as populous, reported that 15,000,000 peasants—a number equal to the entire population of New York State, Connecticut, and Vermont—have crawled into their mud-huts to perish of hunger.

Women Sold—Others, driven by despair, are selling their wives for thirty cents' worth of rice, their young daughters for a dollar. Still others are banding together into marauding armies of "famine bandits," which swoop down on isolated cities, plundering warehouses, kidnaping the wealthy.

The Szechuan famine has been four years in the making.

In the spring of 1932 a family feud between Liu Wen-hui, War-Lord of Chengtu, ancient Provincial Capital, and his nephew, Liu Hsiang, War-Lord of the river-port Chungking, plunged the Province into civil war.

After nine months of pillage, murder, and rapine, Uncle Liu of Chengtu, with $30,000,000 invested in Shanghai banks, retired with his forces to the Tibetan border.

Roaming Outlaws—The aftermath of the Liu feud was an outbreak of banditry among peasants robbed of their harvests and driven from their land.

Alarmed at the growth of these Communist peasant armies, General Chiang Kai-shek, broad-cheeked "strong man" of China, shot out his Nanking troops, harrying the Reds, driving them up and down.

Under the tramping feet of armies, Szechuan was laid as bare as if plagued by swarms of locusts.

Urged on by hunger, these outlaws are now skipping from valley to valley, devouring food reserves, slaughtering what little cattle remains. Early this spring even planting seed was eaten. Cannibalism has appeared.

Now the famine is creeping into Honan Province to the east, where floods along the Hwang, great river called, because of its frequent inundations, "China's Sorrow," have added to the havoc.

The China International Famine Relief Commission, a private organization under Nanking control, threw up its hands in the face of endless cries for relief, loans, flood control, and rehabilitation of the land.

Out of harried China, however, came reports last week of at least one source of food. Hoping to cast off the heavy Nippon yoke in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, crafty Chiang Kai-shek is said to have cached secret grain supplies for his Army in concrete dugouts along railroad lines.

The *Chinese Republican News*, Chinese-language paper of New York, blamed Communists for the famine. "The Communists," it stated, "take both farmers and crops, leaving behind only women unable to till the land."

Keystone

Chinese peasants . . . crawled into their mud-huts to perish of hunger

BEEHIVE JAPAN Its 10,000 Traveling Salesmen Expand World-Wide Exports

When *Taro Watanabe*—youthful *John Doe* of Japan—walks out of his military barracks after two years of compulsory drill, he faces an overcrowded nation, low wages, and fierce competition for jobs.

Hence, if he can raise a few thousand yen, he hies off to one of the huge government-controlled export cartels. There he signs up for a stock of Japanese goods and is guaranteed a profit of 6 per cent. on his investment. Then, with his merchandise, he is shipped overseas.

Soon, in the Philippines, in China, in Siam, in French Indo-China, in a thousand volcano-topped islands in the South Pacific, *Taro Watanabe*, black-haired, silent, efficient, bobs up as a shopkeeper.

His little open-front store glitters with gaudy cotton goods, with toys, beer, light-bulbs, tinned milk, matches, and celluloid gimcracks—all from the mills of Japan.

To the surprize of buyers and the dismay of native shopkeepers, *Taro Watanabe* undersells everybody else by 5 to 25 per cent. If he fails to make his 6 per cent. profit, the cartel back home shells out the difference. If he makes more, he invests in glittering glass show-cases, cool *tatami* (straw floor-mats), and bamboo contraptions.

Busy Fleets—Some 10,000 *Taro Watanabes* each year wander out to South Pacific cities and outposts ordering so much merchandise from home that Japan, with a merchant marine second only to Britain's, has to charter annually 300,000 tons of foreign shipping.

So swift and alarming has been this mercantile invasion, that twenty-seven Pacific countries have rammed through restrictions against cheap Japanese goods.

Not so long ago, casting their eyes over the map, Japanese merchants looked yearningly at Central America and the West Indies, as yet untouched by the *Taro Watanabes*.

Here, however, they encountered stiff resistance; and, last week, according to *Yomiuri*, Tokyo daily, the Nippon Commercial Mission at Port au Prince, Haiti,

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De Cou Photograph from Ewing Galloway

"The Venice of the Orient": Bangkok, Capital of Siam, whose natives buy from efficient, low-price, Japanese traders

was dissolved without having signed a single contract.

Tokyo muttered dark things about pressure from the United States to block trade with Colombia, Haiti, Ecuador, and Venezuela; and promptly dispatched Naokichi Matsunaga, shrewd former Minister to Austria, to "study the situation."

In more remote corners of the world, however, the black-haired, efficient *Taros* are chalking up successes. Particularly in Siam and in the Philippine Islands, according to alarms sounded in the current *Harpers Magazine* and *Asia*, they are slashing wide swaths through British and American spheres of trade.

When the Philippine Independence Act was passed, warns Willard Price in *Harpers*, the "United States formally delivered the islands to Japanese tutelage. . . . While Americans are going out the front door at Manila, at the back door, Davao, the Japanese are coming in."

Growing Dominance—Quickly some 15,000 Japanese settled in Davao; and within a few years they have gained dominance over Mindanao, richest of the islands at the southern end of the archipelago.

Not only do they control the two leading industries, hemp and lumber, but in the shadow of sulphur-tipped volcanoes, they have built complete Japanese communities, Japanese schools, Japanese temples, and monuments to Japanese heroes.

Even labor for Filipino mines is now being imported from Japan and fed with Japanese food. "More Japanese emigrants," says a foot-note in the "Japan Year Book," "now go to the Philippine Islands than to any other country except Brazil." About 1,000 a year enter at the back door of Davao alone.

As for prices on goods, the Japanese have so easily shown their heels to both Chinese and American merchants, that 35 per cent. of all retail trade in the Philippines is now in the hands of the *Taro Watanabes*.

Enraged, Chinese shopkeepers took to boycotting Japanese products. Overnight, in the town of Cebu, nine Japanese bazaars blossomed where formerly there were two. A hundred others sprang up in every city from Manila, with its old Spanish walls, to Zamboanga, outpost of the southernmost tip.

So attractive to buyers are both prices and displays, that Japanese exporters predict they will capture 80 per cent. of Philippine trade by 1940.

Filipinos, ruefully eyeing this peaceful penetration, declare that they want none of Japan's "Asia for the Asiatics." Fearing that by 1945, when complete independence will be granted them, their islands will be a plum ripened to fall in the Nippon lap, they have begun to retort that "Asia for the Asiatics" too often means "Asia for Japan."

More intense than rivalry with the United States, is Japanese competition within the circle of British markets.

From Singapore, exotic human beehive on the tip of the Malay Peninsula, the British lion watches, with impotent roars of anger, while "the Japanese boa-constrictor swallows the Chinese elephant."

Once dominant, Britain has seen more than half of all foreign trade in China fall into the hands of her eastern rival. Less than 1,000 miles away, over the plateaux of Tibet, lies England's richest market, the swarming 290,000,000 of India.

To stop the flood of Japanese cotton goods that seeped, to the tune of half a billion square yards a year, into India, Great Britain jacked up the tariff 1,000 per cent. in three years. Still, her Lancashire mills are unable to compete with the depreciated yen and the low wages of Japanese spinners.

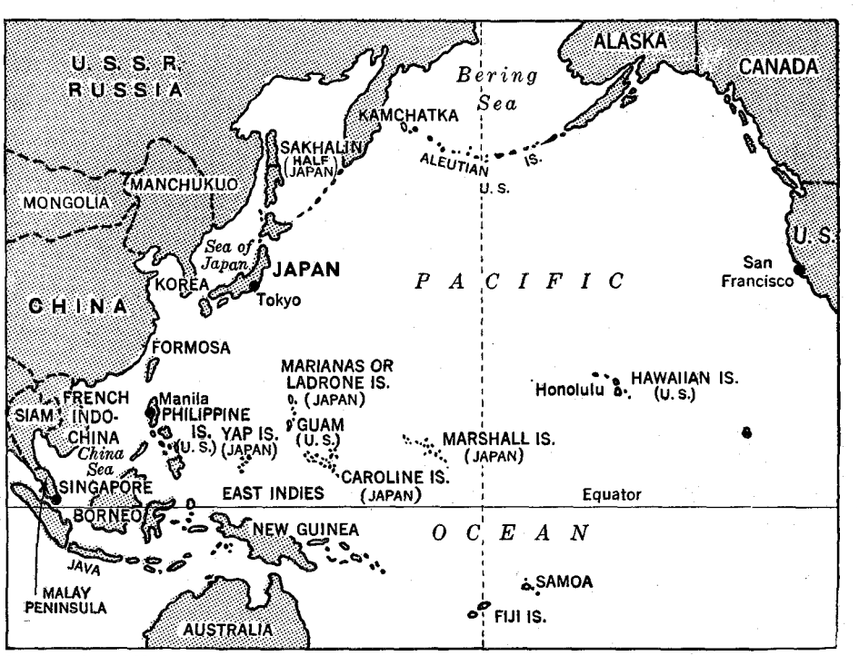
Invasion of Siam—Finally by a shrewd policy of friendship with Siam, Japan drove a firm foothold wedge into the very center of Britain's Pacific Empire.

Ensconced in canal-furrowed Bangkok, Capital of Siam and teeming "Venice of the East," Japan has spread her mercantile web into Australia and New Zealand, into French Indo-China, Dutch East Indies, and a myriad of other tropical garden-spots in the Pacific formed by the jutting mountain peaks of a long-submerged continent.

"Japanese advisers to Siamese Government departments," writes Andrew A. Freeman in *Asia*, "are supplanting those from European nations. Siamese military and naval officers are to train in Japan instead of in Occidental countries. Siamese students are being encouraged to study in Japan. Siamese trade is being diverted to Japan."

Should the proposed canal across the Malay Peninsula be built—as a commercial and military waterway equal in importance to the Suez Canal—the route for direct ocean trade between Tokyo and India would be wide open.

Siam, too, in short, has opened its front door to the *Taro Watanabes* from the "Big Brother of Asia," and invited Great Britain to leave by the rear door.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

The Southwest Pacific—where Japanese merchants cut wide swaths of trade

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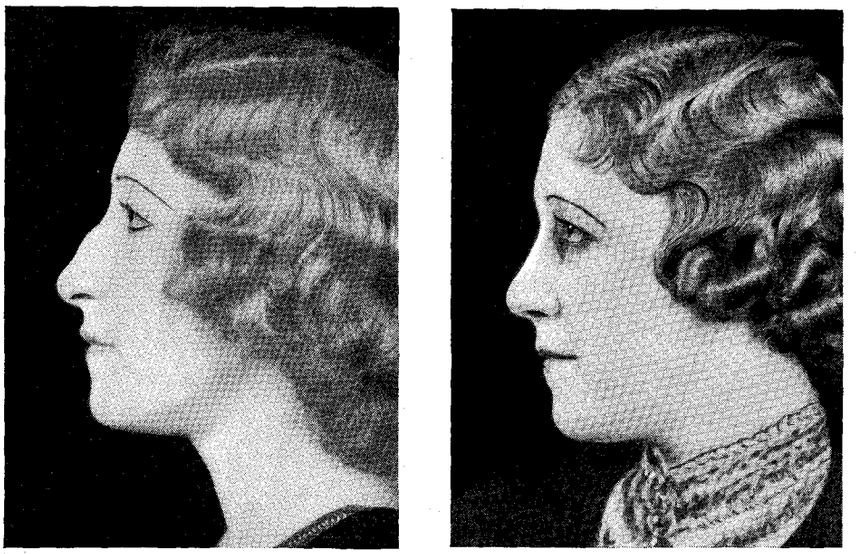
REMOLDING ENTIRE LIVES BY SURGERY

Facial Operations Alter Human Characters and Capacities



Sculpturing in human flesh: before and after nasal reconstruction by plastic surgery

Salvatore was funny to the other kids in school. In the crowded, push-cart-lined streets of New York's lower East Side, grimy little Italians, Poles, Russians, Jews made up jokes about his grotesque nose. "It's a cinch youse ain't two-faced," they jeered; "if youse was, you'd wear the other one."

Cut off from those his own age, Salvatore began running with older boys, to whom a battered nose was only a fitting hoodlum's badge. They warmed his chilly heart with tobacco and alcohol and a fraternity of sorts; taught him to steal. First time in police line-up some one remarked that he had "a gangster profile, all right." That settled his career.

Settled it until a kindly priest, the prison chaplain, piecing the boy's unhappy history together, suggested a plastic surgical clinic. Reluctantly, Salvatore went; had a new nose built. After that detectives didn't trail him, run him in on suspicion; prospective employers didn't take one look at him and shake their heads. He got a good job and a good wife. A new face had given him a new future.

In "New Faces—New Futures" (Richard R. Smith, New York), Dr. Maxwell Maltz cites many such examples to show that so-called "face-lifting" by competent surgeons can change the whole course of life.

Explosive Book—The book explodes many theories and superstitions, among them the fondest boast of amateur and professional "character readers"—that they can classify people by the shapes of their chins, noses, or ears.

There is no relation whatever between facial contour and character, the writer says, emphatically. The danger comes, rather, from the direction of the "character readers" who, by "typing" the deformed, frequently drive them into the categories they are supposed to fit.

Of course not all the ill-favored are shunted down some back road to crime. There is the case of Alfred. He was ambitious, well educated, popular with his friends. He had the "gift of gab" and the kind of personality that puts itself over easily. So he decided to be a salesman.

Once on the road, he found to his dismay that prospective customers became so engrossed in looking at his prominent upper lip that they lost the thread of what he was trying to tell them. As orders fell off, Alfred became increasingly self-conscious and despondent. Soon he became convinced that he was a failure. Then some one suggested that he consult a plastic surgeon.

The operation was a simple one, leaving no scar. In a couple of weeks Alfred was back on the road. Customers heard him out attentively. Sales jumped. His faith in himself returned. To-day he is one of the leaders in his field.

Even slight facial distortion can cause the most acute suffering because of real or imagined social ostracism, particularly among women. The book cites the case of Helen, who had become a virtual recluse at twenty-five, because she had a receding chin.

Warping Danger—The part of her face above the upper lip was normal. But two front teeth projected from the mouth, and the chin did not seem to exist at all. She had suffered so much ridicule at school that she was unable to learn much. Each year she kept more and more to herself, until her mind actually was in danger of being warped through her feeling of inferiority.

Hers was a more difficult task for the plastic surgeon, but he succeeded. The receding chin was built up by transplanting into it cartilage from her breast-bone. A dentist called into the case straightened the teeth. In two years Helen became popular, almost handsome; and she acquired a new and normal personality.

Plastic surgery is not new. Twelve hundred years ago Justinian II sought the aid of skin-grafters to rebuild a nose which he had unfortunately lost on the battle-field. In the sixteenth century a famous Italian surgeon, Tagliacozzi, invented some of the practises in use to this day, notably the binding of an arm to a nose in order to transplant skin to the latter. The Hindus performed nose-repair operations centuries ago by grafting flaps of skin from foreheads.

But the modern art reached its greatest development during and after the World War. Hundreds of men who came out of the trenches with half their faces shot away were turned out of hospitals in such good order that no one gave them a second glance. Now plastic surgery is in demand for those born with unpleasant features, for victims of accidents, and for women who wish to appear younger than their years.

Malpractise—This last class has brought into the profession a host of quacks—"beauty doctors" against whose malpractises Doctor Maltz warns in his book. Often, he points out, they leave their patients worse off than when they found them. The best way to be sure of the standing of a plastic surgeon is to check him with the American Medical Association. There are not many good ones. In England twelve to fourteen, in France a like number, in Germany ten or twelve, in Italy four, in the United States forty or fifty, he estimates.

It is not true uniformly that such operations are prohibitively expensive. They are costly or not, according to the ability of the patient to pay, and the custom of the surgeon. Many hundreds of the operations are performed every year without charge, others for a few dollars. At almost any large first-class hospital unemployed persons may obtain plastic surgery when deformities prevent their finding work.

Doctor Maltz has been engaged in this work for fifteen years, following graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University. His hobby is modeling in clay, which he turns to good use by making models of his patients before and after their operations. All surgeons can not be good plastic surgeons, he says, because they lack this artistic touch. It is really, he feels, sculpturing in human flesh.

FAKE REMEDIES Postal Authorities Active in Weeding Out "Sucker" Panaceas

"NOW—you can take off excess pounds the new harmless, painless way. Why be laughed at because you are fat? *Doctor Blank's* Marvel Capsules will restore your figure to perfect dimensions. Write for particulars."

The English is a little more elegant than that of the medicine-men of a generation ago, who pitched their side-shows at county fairs and sold water, alcohol, and coloring matter as Chief Flying Cloud's Aromatic Spirits of Elixir at fifty cents a bottle. Different, too, are the sales methods, but to the vigilant Post Office Department the same word covers both. That word is "fraudulent."

For the modern medicine-man is as prolific as his more colorful predecessor, tho he speaks mysteriously of glands, electricity, radium, and other modern secrets. Every year, says S. R. Winters in the May *Hygeia*, postal sleuths smoke out about fifty, break up a "sucker" business totaling about $5,000,000.

Some "remedies" are "neutral" in that

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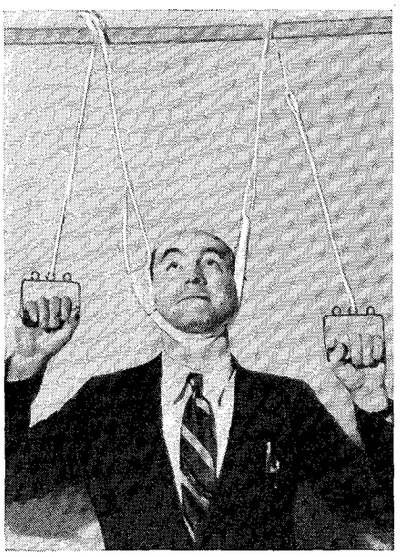

Lohr Photo

Post Office Department expert demonstrates a quack "height increaser"

they do neither harm nor good. Others are definitely injurious, some of them fatal. One of the latest antifat "cures" put out of business by the authorities came in the form of capsules that cost from $1.50 to $10, depending on the strength desired. Among other things, the capsules contained thyroid extract which, when taken indiscriminately by any one who has diabetes, tuberculosis, or certain forms of heart disease or latent goiterous conditions, may result in death.

Another ingredient was phenolphthalein, a laxative given to producing violent skin eruptions.

The inventor-promoter of this "gift to women" is himself an extremely overweight gentleman who explained the apparent phenomenon by saying that he "just kept forgetting and neglecting to take the pills."

Inferiority Harness—Another man who failed to heed the admonition "Physician, heal thyself" is the promoter of a "height-increaser" exhibited at A Century of Progress in Chicago.

It consisted of a harness by which short men with inferiority complexes could hang themselves from the bathroom light fixture, stretching the spine to desired proportions.

Its backer measures five feet, one inch—unstretched.

Multiple Penalties—When the postal authorities pick up the scent of one of these fakers, a fraud order is issued against him, and the postmaster where he receives his mail is instructed to return all communications, stamping across them the tell-tale word "fraudulent." Each letter the faker mails is considered a separate offense, and he is liable to a fine of $1,000 and five years' imprisonment.

Even so, they are hard to keep down, chiefly because there are so many gullible people upon whom warnings are wasted.

Mr. Winters tells of a former Representative from West Virginia who swore that he had been cured of rheumatism by a smarting powder in his shoes. Tests showed that the smarting came from pepper.

It worked because it made the patient so uncomfortable he forgot about his rheumatism.

THE MELTING-POT How Fast It Works on Immigrants Is Gaged by Their Gestures

Day after day, bent on a strange scientific mission, two men have been jostling New York's teeming, polyglot humanity. Their procedure is to edge up to knots of gesturing idlers and quickly record their mannerisms with camera and sketch-book. For two years their search has gone on.

Often, the two men are accompanied by a slight, wispy old man whose crown of bushy, white hair is covered by a soft fedora. On days when he is not along, they hustle around to Columbia University and turn in their work to him.

The little old man is Dr. Franz Boas, seventy-seven, anthropologist; his two companions are Dr. David Efron, psychologist of the University of Buenos Aires, and Stuyvesant Van Veen, young American artist.

Twenty-six years ago the United States Senate commissioned Doctor Boas to study America's "melting-pot," which two years before had become a catch-phrase through Israel Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot."

The Purpose: to ascertain what effect the influx of foreign peoples has had on the country's future.

Doctor Boas began by measuring skulls, branched into a study of languages, customs, etc. Two years ago he started on racial gestures—one of the last phases of the melting-pot process.

Last week Doctor Boas was able to report to the National Academy of Sciences in Washington some interesting observations. He took the Jew and the Italian, as main examples, described their gestures, then compared them to the metamorphosed American a generation later.

Wide World

Dr. Franz Boas: For twenty-six years he has studied America's "melting-pot"

Jew: Gestures are perky, fast, and have a subtle quality characteristic of the race, due to generations of life in small quarters and sedentary occupations. The point of motion begins at the elbows. His upper arms appear tied to his sides. The space in front of the body is a battle-ground for flying fingers. Gestures do not help the meaning of words; they are rather like a baton, to beat time, relate the passages to each other.

Italian: Gestures are large, free, charged with meaning. The Neapolitan gestures are emphatic, pictorial, frequently symbolic. This southern Italian literally "talks with his hands." His visual vocabulary has more than a hundred gestures, often allowing him to carry on a voiceless, pantomimic conversation with a regional countryman.

American: Gestures are free and wide; neither time-beaters like the Jew's, nor symbolic, like the Italian's. Use is principally to convey emphasis to speech, to outline the form of an idea or object.

Examples: (1) Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York. Of Jewish ancestry, his father, Mayer Lehman, came to the United States from Germany in 1848. Governor Lehman gestures very little, even less than the average American of Protestant descent.

(2) Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City. Of Italian-Spanish ancestry, Mayor LaGuardia's father, Achille Luigi Carlo LaGuardia, emigrated to America in 1880. Tempestuous by nature, Mayor LaGuardia gestures a lot, but his gestures are American. Only in private conversations, or when he is excited, do Italianisms creep into his gestures.

Extent of Americanization of Jew and Italian: There are 4,500,000 Jews in the U. S. A., 2,225,000 in New York City. Italians in the country number 5,000,000, of whom New York City claims 800,000 of the first generation and 700,000 of the second.

Doctor Boas' studies show that foreign-born adults do not change appreciably, while their children do. Heads alter, stature increases, and the two bring into play a natural law which affects parental mannerisms and gestures. Thus in two generations of American life racial origin often is entirely lost to view.

Causes: better nutrition, environment, education, new points of view, climatic effects.

Mixtures of peoples have been the origin of every modern "race," and, by the same token, through assimilation, an "American race" is growing.

Because he declared there was no German race in the "Aryan" sense, Doctor Boas's learned treatises and books were burned in 1933 by Nazis. Even at Kiel University, which gave him his doctorate of philosophy and where in 1931 he got an honorary degree after preaching tolerance, his works did not escape the torch.

Born in Westphalia, the great scientist came to the United States in 1889 to teach anthropology at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. He joined the staff of Columbia in 1896 and has been a United States citizen for many years.

Not much over five feet tall, wiry, a prodigious worker, he has worn out many a member of scientific expeditions, which include one to Vancouver Island, British Columbia, to study the Indians, five years ago. In June he plans to retire from teaching and finish the records of his life-work.

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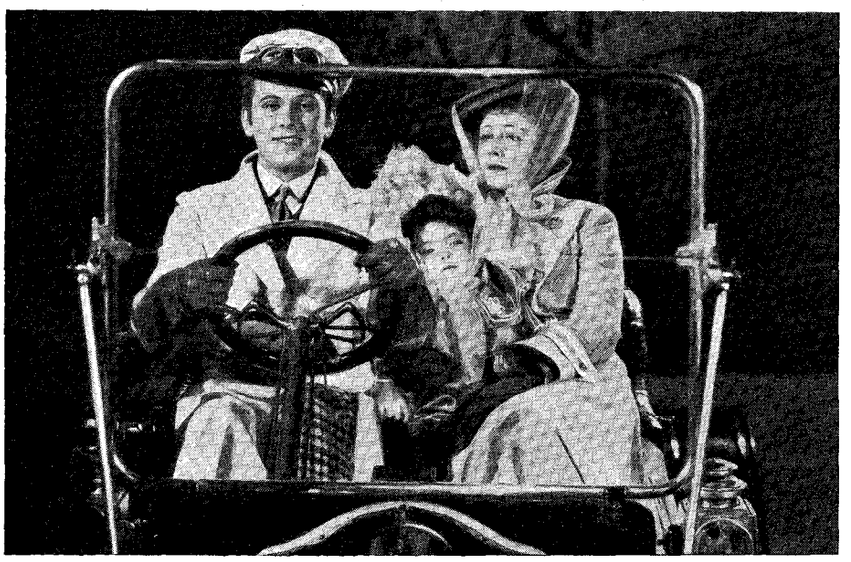
"SHOW BOAT" IS REBORN ON SCREEN

Mellifluous and Glamourous Production: Laemmle's Farewell



Buggy-ride: "Ravenal" (Allan Jones), "Magnolia" (Irene Dunne) and their daughter, "Kim" (Marillyn Knowlden), in the latest movie version of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat"

Edna Ferber, teased by the conviction that there was a fine native story in the mud-bank showmen of America, investigated, and then wrote it. She called her novel "Show Boat" and it was a best seller.

Incidents in the book, the rich flavors of the background, inspired Jerome Kern to compose a score for a proposed musical-stage version of the story. He and Oscar Hammerstein II got together, a libretto was prepared, Hammerstein wrote lyrics for the Kern music, and Florenz Ziegfeld produced the show.

Even now, eight years after, critics call it one of the most mellifluous scores ever composed for a Broadway show, some of the music still is heard over the radio and *via* the medium of dance orchestras.

Completing the career of the story, it soon will be released as a motion-picture, the last, indeed, to bear the production title "Carl Laemmle Presents."

It is the last Laemmle picture to come from the Universal studios after twenty-one years of film-making. It is a glamourous farewell by the Laemmle régime. The studio is now in other hands.

Ziegfeld Copied—When Universal decided to film "Show Boat" it asked the Messrs. Kern and Hammerstein to give their best help. They did. Hammerstein wrote the screen-play, and was true to his old play. He based the screen-play more on the Ziegfeld production than on Miss Ferber's book. Mr. Kern provided four new songs, retained the old ones.

The public will find no fault in one change made by Mr. Hammerstein, the critics may. He has changed the ending. The story no longer winds up back on the show-boat. It ends in a big city theater on the opening night of the début of *Kim*, granddaughter of the show-boat's owner.

Irene Dunne is the *Magnolia* of the film version, Allan Jones sings and acts the rôle of *Gaylord Ravenal*, river gambler and amateur actor, who marries *Magnolia*, takes her away from the *Cotton Blossom* and deserts her in Chicago with the infant, *Kim*. Both stars are in fine voice throughout the picture. Helen Morgan is superb in her original stage rôle, *Julie*, and Charles Winninger should make a new start in pictures after his performance in his old rôle of *Cap'n Andy Hawks*.

All Hollywood was amazed when James Whale, a Briton, was assigned to direct "Show Boat." Its amazement probably will be renewed in another direction when the photoplay is released. Mr. Whale has directed as if born and bred in the Southern show-boat country.

Tear-Fetching End—Unless there is public resentment over the arbitrary furnishing of a new ending, obviously designed to fetch the tears boiling into the eyes, "Show Boat" should be one of the most satisfying pictures of this year.

This is Universal's second release of the story. It previously was made in 1927, when sound and talking films were new and horrendous.

The present version is the difference, about, between a Manhattan penthouse dweller of 1936 and a cave dweller of prehistoric time.

Hollywood Variety: "A fitting tribute for the departure of Carl Laemmle from the motion-picture scene is this saga of river-boat shows."

WAR WITH A JEST Joe Brown Takes His Valet Along in the Trenches

Motion-picture audiences, whatever other tastes they may have, customarily are divided into two classes: those who like Joe E. Brown and his pictures, and those who don't. Mr. Brown is enormously satisfying to those who do. Those who don't can't trust themselves to speak of him.

The latter, for all their granitic refusal to recognize Mr. Brown as funny or anything else, may be softened if not won by his new picture, "Sons o' Guns."

This is a film version of the musical comedy Broadway success of several years ago. The stage production was written by Fred Thompson and the late Jack Donahue. Mr. Donahue not only was the outstanding tap-dancer of his time, but in the libretto of this screen musical achieved a very funny plot.

Improving Scenarists—Scenarists Jerry Wald and Julius J. Epstein have taken liberties with the original.

The liberties may be chalked up on the side of improvement. For all that the musical comedy was a hilarious stage-piece, it is doubtful that it would have been a snug photoplay. Moreover, the stage version was dotted with censorious situations and dialog.

Out in Hollywood, where the picture has been seen, there is an impetuous desire to class it with some of the best of Chaplin, notably that superlative comedian's "Shoulder Arms."

Some critics may agree with this, most won't.

First-Rate Fun—None, however, is likely to find the film anything but first rate. It is a very funny motion-picture.

Wald and Epstein knew precisely what to do, and did it. In a year when the specter of war is frightening people again, they decided to turn the last war into a splatter of nonsense.

They take Brown, as a Broadway musical comedy star, and send him breathlessly to France to escape the lawsuits of a New York siren. Even the trenches seem cozy and safe after her machinations.

Valet in Trenches—His sergeant is his former valet.

When alone, the sergeant-valet carefully takes care of *Private Jimmy Canfield's* uniforms, brushing them, patting out the wrinkles, and hanging the tunics carefully.

When in the presence of superior officers, the same man treats *Jimmy* cruelly, kicking him around with spurious delight.

At one moment, a skilled moment in the picture, Brown is seen, as *Jimmy*, hiding from military police. He is in a barn-loft and carelessly releases a cote of carrier pigeons.

These fly right into the German lines with military secrets and *Jimmy* is tried as a spy.

Smiling Fighter—He dons a major's uniform and escapes. Suddenly he finds himself in charge of a scouting party. Single-handed, using that broad Brown smile instead of ferocity, he captures an important German machine-gun nest.

None the less, he is rearrested and retried as a spy.

He is led out to a field of soldiers, believes himself about to be shot. A fire-eating French general reads an important looking document.

Jimmy is convinced his death-warrant is being read. Instead, he is being cited for gallantry and the *Croix de Guerre* decoration. A customary happy ending is tacked on.

Hollywood Reporter: "It adds up to just about what the mass of theatergoers will want."

It definitely is Joe E. Brown's best picture.

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The La Salle Coupe

WHAT *Money* CAN AND CANNOT BUY

When it comes to motor cars, there are some things that money *can* and *cannot* buy. ' ' Money can buy size and horsepower and fitments and trimmings—but it cannot, alone and unaided, procure a reputation. ' ' That is inherent in the product itself—and only time and effort and attainment can put it there. ' ' Cadillac's relation to the motor car industry has long since established it as the accepted standard for those who desire to go beyond the conventionally good. ' ' So firm is this Cadillac reputation—so faultlessly buttressed by more than thirty years of progression—that none other can bestow quite the same degree of superiority. ' ' Whichever car you choose from the Royal Family of Motordom—whether the new La Salle, the new Cadillac or the new Cadillac-Fleetwood—you can drive it with the definite knowledge that it deserves the highest respect a motor car can receive. ' ' For Cadillac has endeavored more earnestly than ever, in its current creations, to widen the gap between the Royal Family of Motordom and all other cars in the world.

LA SALLE $1175 • CADILLAC $1645 • *Cadillac* FLEETWOOD $2445

Prices list at Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the G. M. Installment Plan.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM

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HELEN HAYES GIVES CREED FOR LIVING

Quits Hollywood and "Distorted" Family Life to Be Trouper

"To-day I am thirty-five. To me, that is a fine age. Thirty-five years of memories; thirty-five years of anticipation. It is an age when each of us should have learned something of balance."

Helen Hayes is writing that. At the height of one of the most brilliant seasons she ever has had in the theater, she has sat down to write her creed for living.

It has taken her thirty-five years to arrive at a formulated point of view. As she writes, a mound of letters nudges at her elbow. They are from friends she knows and friends she doesn't. They are letters from strangers, most of them. Unable to answer each in detail, she has decided to answer them all together in an article.

Money Problem—For the first time in her life she is being forced to think about money, she says in *The Ladies' Home Journal.** Her friends, known and unknown together, applied the pressure. In letters, some firm and pointed, some gentle and bewildered, they all want to know why she left Hollywood and $3,500 a week and why she refused $85,000 to return there and make "The Old Maid" for Paramount.

The best reason for snubbing Hollywood was given by Miss Hayes last year. Announcing the end of her screen career and pledging the remainder of her professional life to the theater, she justified the expensive decision with simples:

1. It was distorting her family life.
2. She never was relaxed.
3. She felt herself better in the theater, felt herself getting consistently worse as an actress in pictures.

"I realize money is important," she says in her current article, "but I can not value life by it."

"I love life," she continues. "I enjoy every moment of just living. How much has money to do with that enjoyment? For example, we have been improving our home. . . . Last week it was a magnificent willow. I wonder if my friends, known and unknown, can understand that altho I have never owned a mink or ermine coat I wrote a check for $500 for a willow-tree without a thought of the money. Five dollars, fifty, five hundred or five thousand. What did it matter? I could not appraise that tree in money."

Balanced living is the main essential, she finds. She could not find balance in Hollywood. Things from her childhood helped her, at thirty-five, to find the equilibrium of intelligent living. Things from her young girlhood in the theater helped more. Trouping through small towns only a year ago, where farmers and their wives drove through mud roads more than 100 miles to see her in a play, gave her the last she needed to complete a philosophy of life.

Last July, at the close of the tour of "Mary of Scotland" she announced that she wanted a season or two in New York.

"I have no immediate plans, however," she said, "because I haven't yet found a play to do. I'm praying a good comedy will turn up."

Her prayers went unanswered. Instead, Gilbert Miller induced Laurence Housman to stitch together some one-act plays he had written about Queen Victoria. They were unavailable to the public stage in London because of the convention forbidding plays concerning the royal family, by name. Mr. Housman took ten, put them in continuity form and called the result "Victoria Regina." Miss Hayes has been playing that many weeks. Generally to a box-office gross in excess of $20,000 a week for the theater. It is not a comedy.

It is, possibly, one of the most satisfying things she ever has done. She plays Victoria from the morning of her accession, as a young girl, to the distant day of the Diamond Jubilee when seventy-five years were the Queen's glory.

Début—When Miss Hayes entered the theater, she relates, she was very young, and perforce her life was divided in two.

Her father aided her début. He was a contact man for a wholesale food-supply house, and they lived in Washington, D. C. She was six, aflutter with tingling fancies.

A friend of her father started a stock company in the capital. He couldn't find a child able to remember lines. As he was telling his troubles in the Hayes home one day, his eyes lit upon the sparkling brow of little Helen. She got the part.

Undoubtedly her mother, who had yearned to be an actress, consented to it, the grown-up Helen confesses, because of the opportunity of going back-stage herself.

Little Helen now definitely was an actress. Star rôles in such productions as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Prince and the Pauper" came the next summer. Then Lew Fields signed her for his summer revue. She was only eight. There were four seasons with him—the first at $35 a week, the others at $50.

Winters in Washington parochial or high schools followed summers in stock companies. At fourteen the great Charles Frohman invited her to New York. She was to play with John Drew in "The Prodigal Husband."

Amazing Change—"It is amazing to look back and see how easily I changed from one life to another: the summers spent with the most colorful theatrical personalities of that day, the winters with the average children in average homes of a middle-sized American city. I had no preference. I enjoyed both equally."

Lew Fields was an influence, Irvin S. Cobb another. Vernon Castle made an important impress on her adolescence. She confesses a tremendous benefit, actual and spiritual, from the advice of Lillian Russell.

"There was a quality of greatness about that woman which reached through even the rigidity of a child."

Billie Burke, John Drew, Charles Frohman, dozens of others, experts in their profession, men and women of tremendous personality, helped mold Helen Hayes Brown, who dropped the Brown to become a star. Later, in private life, she dropped both the Brown and the Hayes to become Mrs. Charles MacArthur.

William Gillette and George Tyler virtually adopted her. Their pattern for life helped, again, to shape hers. The casual, unimpressed MacArthur, himself a dramatist of no small fame, was more important than any of the others. She married him. Hollywood came to her not long after that. She was never herself there, as person or actress.

"Eventually, my battle with Hollywood reached its crisis," she concludes. "For the first time I found myself money-conscious. I began to be afraid about money. . . .

"Then there was my family. I wanted my child to have memories such as I have. In Nyack, she is just one more youngster playing and nutting and going to kindergarten. In Nyack she is Mary MacArthur. In Hollywood she was Helen Hayes's daughter. . . .

"No one can successfully do too many things. Too many spokes will make any wheel cumbersome. I could not have Hollywood, my home, and the stage. I could choose two. . . .

"I had no thought of going on the radio when I left Hollywood. When the radio offers began to arrive, I waited until an investigation proved I could broadcast from New York without adding too much work to my stage career or detracting from my home life. . . .

"I believe my childhood gave me a youthful balance. I believe I have found now something of the same equilibrium at thirty-five. And I believe no woman can enjoy just living until she seeks to balance life. I confess, I even boast."

Helen Hayes wanted a good comedy; instead, she got "Victoria Regina," one of the most successful roles she has ever played

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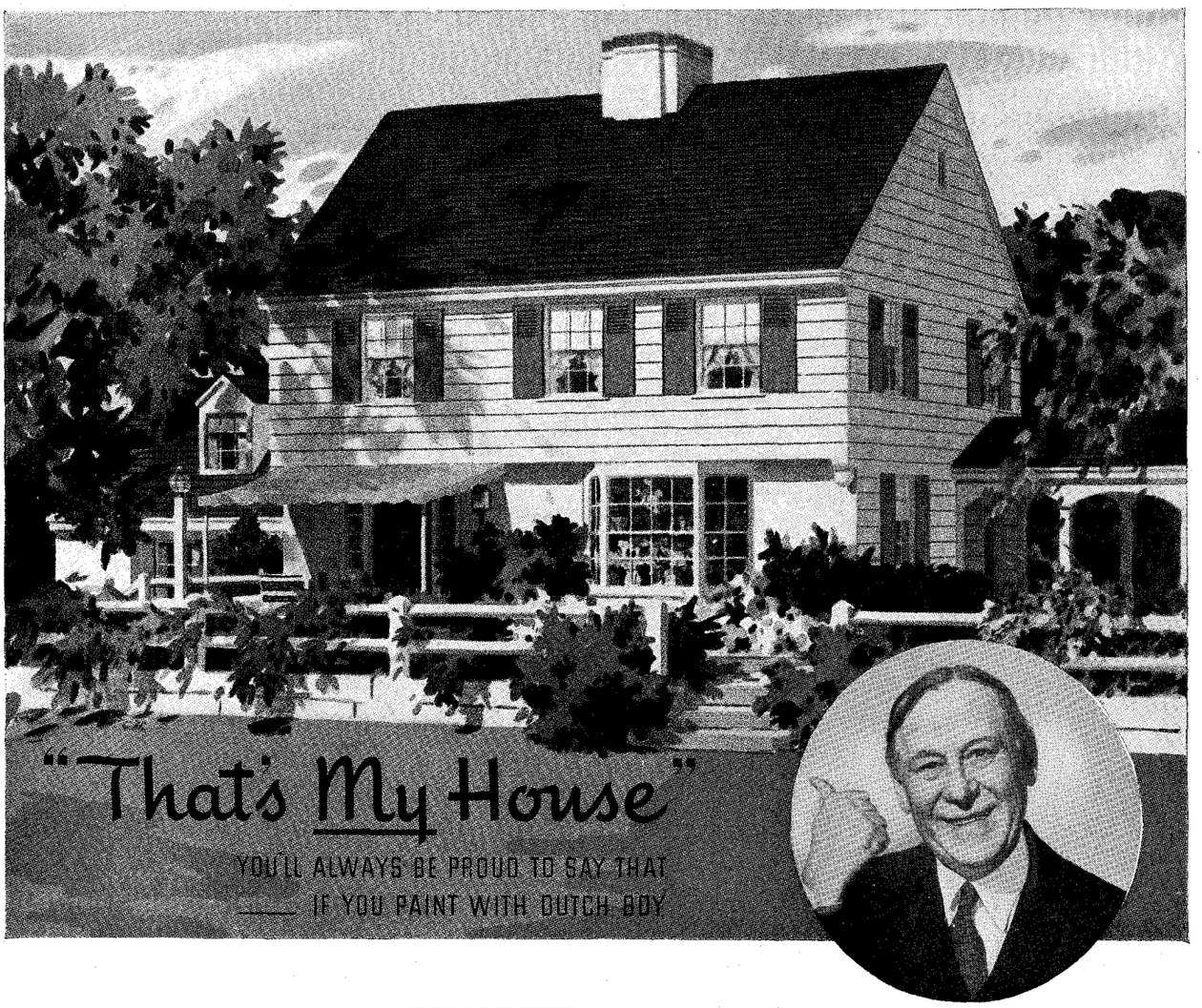

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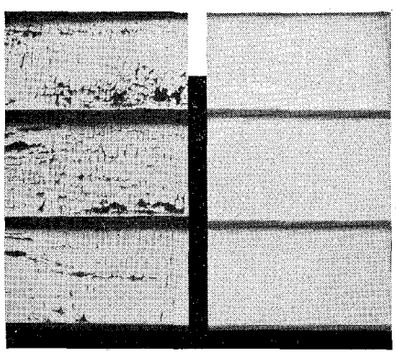
The unretouched photographs in the center are submitted as evidence. They tell a typical story of the difference between "cheap" paint and Dutch Boy.

Your painter knows this difference. By experience. The durability of Dutch Boy always backs up his reputation. Then, too, he can mix it to suit the requirements of your particular job and tint it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.



"CHEAP" PAINT

After a few months. A short life and a sad one. Now the surface must be repainted. But first the old paint must be burned off and then an extra coat—a new priming coat—applied. And all this is expense the owner never figured on.

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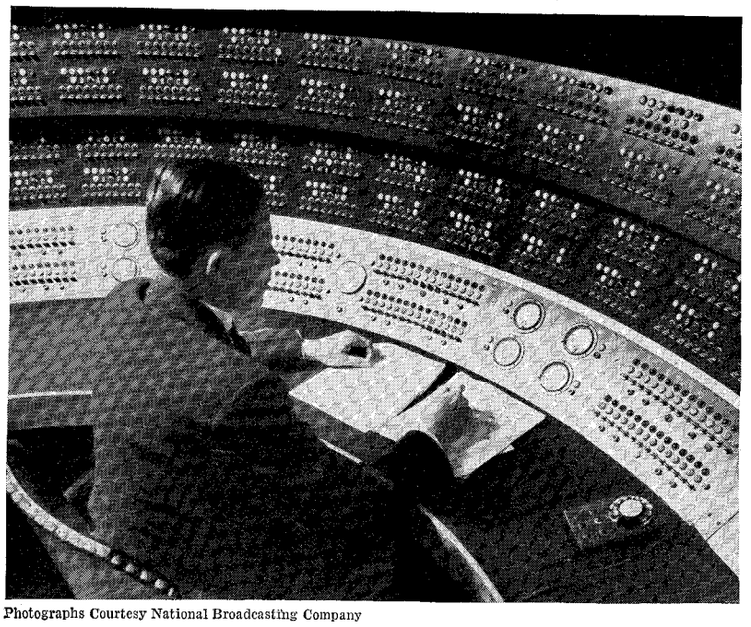
CANDID CAMERA CATCHES RADIO CROONERS AND COMICS



Photographs Courtesy National Broadcasting Company

Each light on the main control desk of a radio network represents a station, which the chief operator switches on and off for the broadcasts of . . .

. . . Lanny Ross . . .

. . . Morton Downey . . .

. . . Al Jolson . . .

. . . Jack Benny . . .

Rudolf Hoffmann Photograph

. . . and Rudy Vallee

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SMART "UNCLE SAM" He Puts on Theatrical Hits and Outdoes Broadway Producers

The greatest producer of theatrical hits is the Federal Government. It has four smashing successes in New York at one time, a record unequaled by any producer in eight years.

Before that, only one professional manager ever had equaled it; Florenz Ziegfeld. And he but once.

A year ago the Government knew nothing about show business. Eight months ago it was just beginning to learn about actors, rehearsals, scenery, and lighting. Now, at the close of the season, when most of the commercial plays are beginning to fade, it not only has four successes, but can sell them outright to professional showmen.

The WPA-Federal Theater Project was designed to give employment and income to economically wrecked actors, designers, and dramatists.

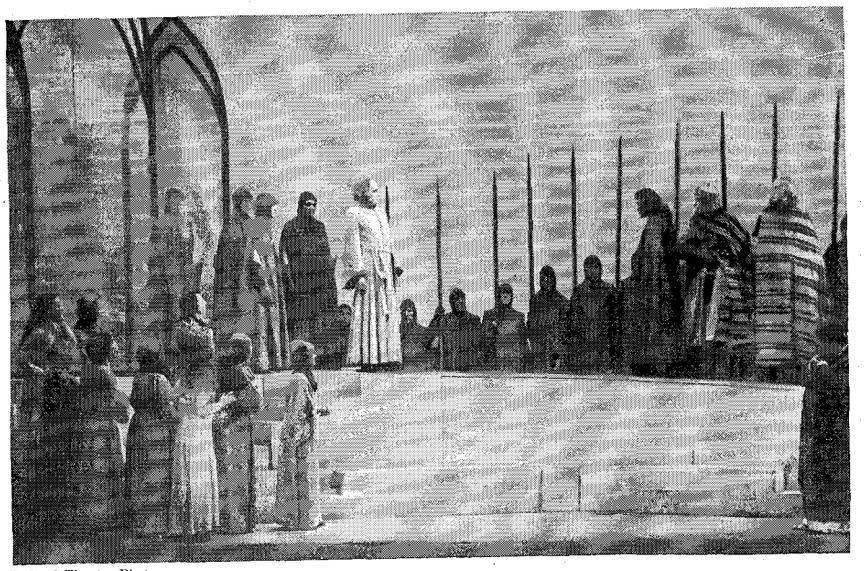
The original plan was for each play to run three weeks, thereby creating playing time for many plays. Public response to four winners out of eight productions has been such that ten weeks and more have not been enough to meet box-office demand.

At the head of the project was Elmer Rice. He was assisted by Miss Hallie Flanagan.

Mr. Rice resigned in protest over inaction in Washington. Miss Flanagan became National Director, succeeding him, and inaction ceased at once.

Wailing Politicians—Even then, the task of putting the bankrupt people of the theater to work was not accomplished smoothly. Because of the nature of certain plays—mainly because of a "living newspaper" called "Triple-A Plowed Under"—politicians and some patriots wailed that the project was not only administered by Communists, but that most of the money was going to Communist actors and dramatists.

Not one of the successful four productions is Communist in tone or aim. Miss Flanagan has not deigned to reply to the political critics. She believes the four hits speak for themselves.



Federal Theater Photos

"Thomas à Becket" (Harry Irvine) defies the King's soldiers in the Federal "hit" show, "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot

Outstanding success is "Murder in the Cathedral," a dramatization of the events surrounding the slaughter of Thomas à Becket. The poetic tragedy was written by T. S. Eliot, production rights were owned by the English manager, Ashley Dukes. He agreed to allow the Federal Theater Project to perform the work for three weeks.

First the critics salvoed it, and their enthusiasm quickly was matched by the public.

Dukes agreed to an extension of time, and a second extension. Now Robert Milton, after negotiations with Duke, proposes to present the play commercially in New York next season.

A young British actor, Orson Welles, summoned to Broadway last season by Katharine Cornell for the *Tybalt* in her "Romeo and Juliet," found himself footloose when the production closed. He set to work on a sensational thought for Shakespeare's "Macbeth": he would retain the play, but change the setting to Haiti at the time of the Negro Emperor, Christophe. Later, in working out the production, Mr. Welles included certain features from the time of the Negro Generalissimo, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Realizing that both of these men had decked their courts and palaces with the cream of Europe's designs, Mr. Welles called in Nat Karson, prize-winning young Chicago artist who had become a brilliant scenic and costume designer in the New York theater. Between them they achieved a "Macbeth" that was vividly hued.

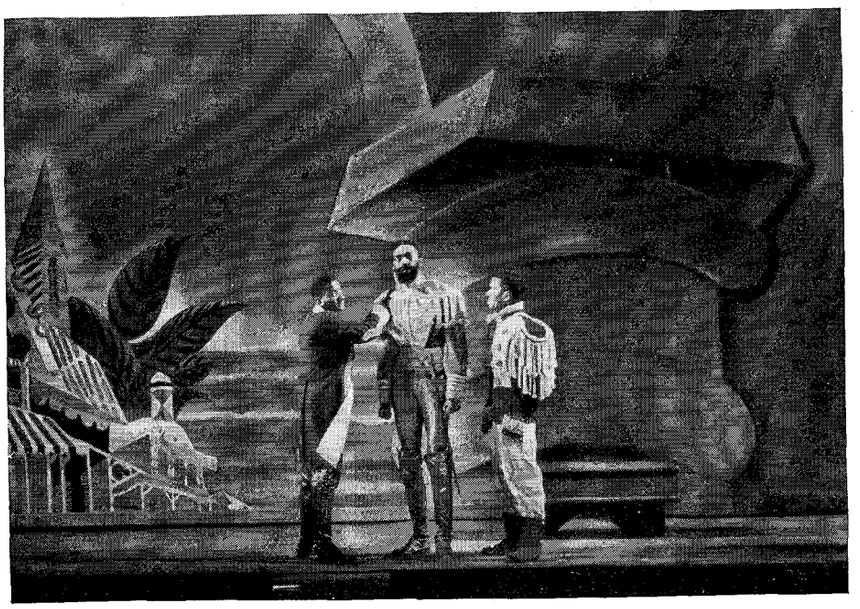
It was cast with Negroes in the Negro Theater Project and New York has been jamming it nightly.

Less spectacular, but a decisive success, is "Chalk Dust," by Harold Clarke. It is a play about politics in big city school systems and how valuable teachers are affected. It has undertones of the damage done to teaching staffs by careless gossip. Audiences have gone to it in large numbers since the beginning.

England Aroused—A motion-picture company is deeply interested in the film rights to "Chalk Dust"; last week even was reported to have bought the rights. Meanwhile, over in London, C. B. Cochrane, British producer of spectacular revues and musical comedies, was cabling New York for the English rights to the Haiti-situated "Macbeth." He had heard of its tremendous force as a Negro play and his managerial shrewdness was aroused.

The most controversial of the four hits is "Triple-A Plowed Under." It was designed as a living newspaper, a sort of newsreel on the stage with living actors. Early in its formative period, certain Washington advisers were frightened when it became known that one episode was to be called "Ethiopia" and an actor would impersonate Mussolini. The scene was ordered out and there resulted weeks of irritated discussion.

Finally, with both Washington and the project's New York executives content, it was produced. It satirized certain news stories of the time, treated others seriously. It was, in effect, a flesh and blood newsreel. A second "edition" now is in rehearsal. Originally, it had been planned to keep up with the news and alter the show's content weekly



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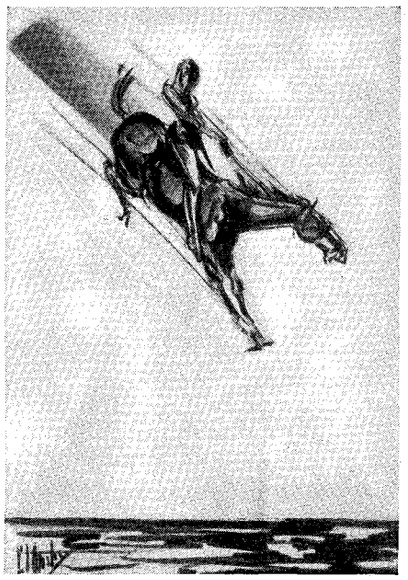
CREATOR OF "SKIPPY" SHOWS WORKS

Endearing Cartoon Figure Missing From Crosby's Display



Photographs Courtesy Jacques Seligmann & Company

By Percy Crosby, creator of "Skippy": "The Plunge" (lithograph) and "Scarf Dance" (dry point)

In newspapers from Coast to Coast, a small, tousle-haired child in a pen-and-ink scrawl daily turns from his play with others.

He wears a battered cap draped over an ear, most likely has a foot against a fence-rail, and has a habit of saying things which reflect the small boy's outlook on life.

His name is *Skippy*, and he first waved his little arms in the humorous weekly *Life* in 1923. In two years he moved into the national newspaper syndicate field, grew, as one of the biggest money-makers, into one of the most appealing comic strips.

To-day it is estimated that 25,000,000 children and adults sigh, laugh, or cry, at his wee bits of wit and philosophy. Millions of young folk wear *Skippy* sweaters, play with *Skippy* toys.

Also a Writer—Percy L. Crosby was a young, obscure cartoonist working on the now defunct New York *World* when he created *Skippy* sixteen years ago. Crosby is a millionaire to-day, lives on a magnificent southern estate, ranks in addition to his fame as a cartoonist as a first-rate writer and serious painter.

Two years ago Crosby showed New Yorkers that his artistic reputation did not rest upon his comic strip. From the nooks and corners of his studio at his McLean, Virginia, estate, in George Washington's Fairfax County, he assembled an assortment of oils, water-colors, lithographs, copper etchings and pencil-drawings, and shipped them north for exhibition.

Last week *Skippy* was going as strong as ever, Crosby was advancing both as writer and painter.

In a secluded spot near Daytona, Florida, he was writing another book; at the galleries of Jacques Seligmann & Company, New York, he was showing 110 of his latest artistic creations.

Of these works, thirty-four, chiefly water-colors and dry-point etchings, have been exhibited abroad, but never before in America. Thirty-eight others have never adorned any gallery's walls.

Nowhere was there to be found a trace of little *Skippy*.

As in his more serious endeavors, Percy Crosby seems to do everything dashingly, successfully. Tall, blond, forty-five, he closely resembles the late Wallace Reid, handsome silent film star. "At rest" on his Virginia estate, his constant relaxation is riding and playing polo, and he is most often seen and photographed in white riding togs.

Inspiration at Elbow—At work, Crosby has only to turn to his elbow for the inspiration of his chief production.

This is the real life *Skippy*, nearly six years old, who is none other than son Percy, a chubby-faced, happy-eyed chit of a child. *Skippy* has three little sisters, and is so thoroughly a product of typical American home environment that he easily fits into the endearing figure of the cartoon.

Skippy's prototype might have been any one of the dozens of little chaps Crosby saw playing in the streets of Brooklyn, New York, where he was born and went to school.

From Pratt Institute (Brooklyn) and the New York Art Students' League, he moved at nineteen to the staff of the old New York *Globe*. Discharged there, he was offered his job back after winning a cartoon contest, but went to *The World* instead.

The first year of *Skippy*, he says, was very hard, but once it caught on, the strip's returns were tremendous. A book of drawings and suggestions for Jackie Cooper films greatly advanced its popularity.

Abroad Crosby's pen and brush creations will be found in such institutions as the Luxembourg Museum of Paris, the National Gallery of London, and the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome.

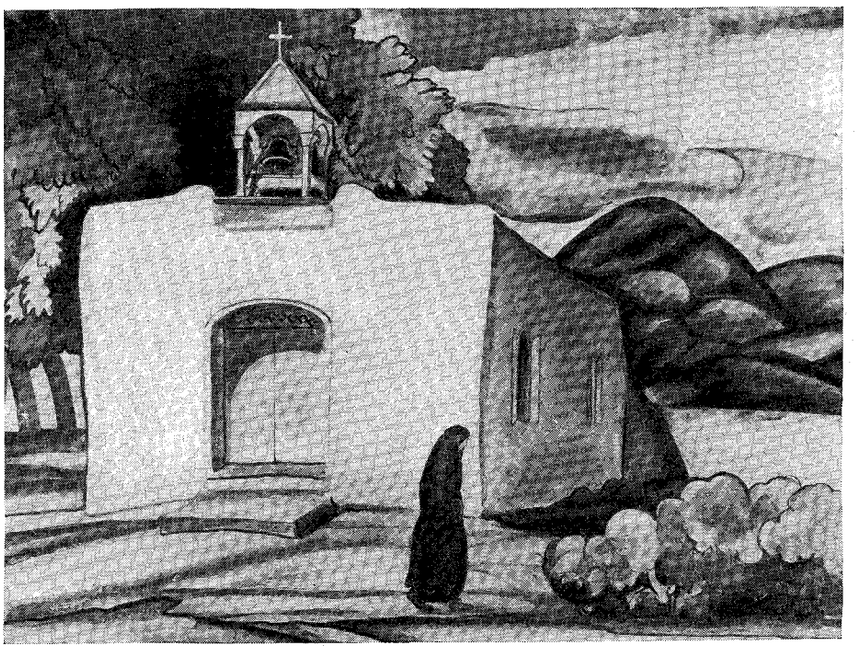
But to many Americans his best work will always be a sketch of *Skippy* watching the sunset, entitled: "Gee, it's so beyootiful I'd like to give somebody a sock on the jaw!"

ART JUST TO PLEASE This Is the Only Standard Applied by Dorothy Kent

Bashful laymen in art galleries whose repertoire of criticism consists of "I like it" and "I don't like it" can find comfort in knowing that a successful artist feels the same way about it.

Dorothy Kent, sister of Rockwell and accomplished water-colorist in her own right, simply "does not see the need of explaining" hers or any other artist's work in words. She either likes a picture or she does not; that is "reason" enough.

This quiet, blonde mistress of a New Mexico ranch has not sought fame. Years ago, when she first started working with



Courtesy Arthur U. Newton Galleries

One of Dorothy Kent's water-colors of New Mexico, included in her first exhibition

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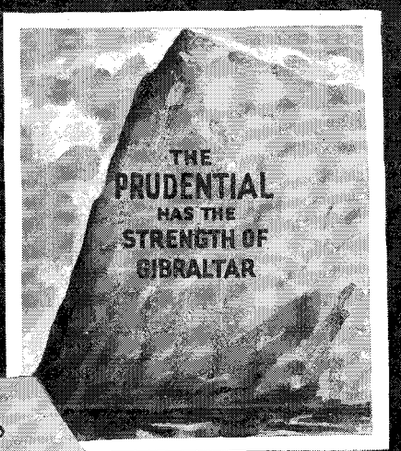
THIS BOOK WOULD HAVE 287,986 PAGES



The Story of Claim 6463627

This policy had been applied for by the mother when the insured was a girl in school. She was regularly employed and contributing her share towards the family expenses.

At a street-corner she held back for a truck to pass. But the truck was thrown on the sidewalk and she was instantly killed.

The payment of this $620 policy, plus substantial additions and accidental death benefits, provided ready cash for last expenses and some funds to replace the discontinued pay-checks.

The Story of Claim O-452398

The insured was a postal employee thirty-eight years old. He always had been healthy, but he died of pneumonia after a few days' illness.

Thus his widow was suddenly faced with the hard job of providing for herself and two children, one six years old and the other thirteen months.

Immediate expenses were paid by some weekly-premium insurance in our Company. Five thousand dollars, paid on this Ordinary policy, will be of inestimable value to this little household.

Every death claim we pay has its own story. If we gave a page to each, we would have a remarkable book. The 1935 volume would contain 287,986 pages, for that is the number of claims which we paid during the year.

If you could read such a book, you would have a new understanding of our business and our company. May we tell you about some of the plans which our members are finding most helpful?

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

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water-colors at the Kent home in Tarrytown, New York, her only "public" was made up of intimate friends; they are still her public. And she believes that she should work for their pleasure and for her own; that there is no other real standard. It was only at the insistence of those closest to her that she was persuaded to exhibit eleven of her numerous New Mexican scenes in the small room of the Arthur U. Newton Galleries in New York last week. She herself stayed on the ranch.

Cool Relief—There, in and around the *adobe* farmhouse she built, she draws out the thread begun in Tarrytown and at her former summer camp in Monhegan, Maine. Her *forte* is transferring the gold-splashed essence of sunlight to paper; not the blinding glare of the baked Southwestern *mesa* at noontime, but the cool relief among the *adobes* of the *pueblo,* or beneath the solitary dwarf pine.

The artist sketches her pictures outdoors, and insists on having a congenial friend along. Alone at home, she places her final draft on the floor, and completes it slowly and precisely, without corrections or retouching. She has had but one teacher, Homer Boss, lecturer on anatomy at the New York Art Students' League and a neighbor at Santa Cruz.

Actually, she is as self-sufficient as the Mexican peasants who live around her. She admires their handicrafts, their undisturbed tranquillity, and tries to make her own life as peaceful and simple—with the slight concession to modernity of electricity, modern plumbing, and an excellent cook.

Her side-line is music. She plays the violin, also for friends only, with considerable skill. But here, too, her tastes are soundly conservative: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. Her favorite animals are the usual appendages of country estates: police dogs and Jersey cows.

Individualistic—Dorothy Kent has made a quiet and unshakable decision to be an artist in her own way, to hold fast to her own opinions. Her use of blending and contrasting planes is similar to Rockwell's, but otherwise she has not dwelt in the shadow of her brother's reputation. For she wants to be separated from him in the public mind.

There is nothing of false modesty in her reluctance to exhibit. Rather, she has been too busy working to bother about it, and, anyway, she has always considered her circle of intimates adequate both to see and to judge. To please them has been enough.

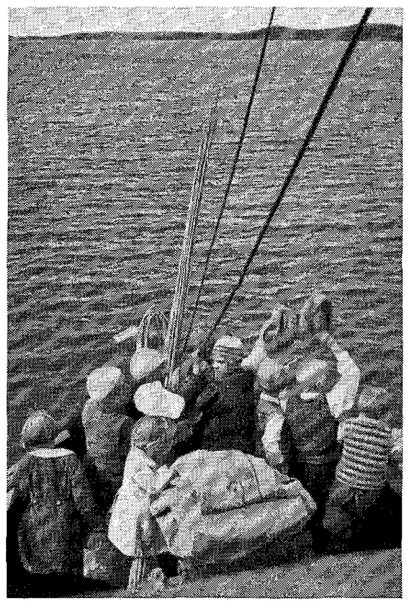
Ever since childhood she has been perfecting her deft, concise manner of fixing the qualities of sunlight on paper. Now, in her early thirties, she has allowed herself to be "discovered."

NEW BOOKS They Range From Finland and Midwest Rivers to Pitcairn

Finland: The New Nation. By Agnes Rothery. 257 pp. (New York: The Viking Press; $3.)

Tho Finland may not be yet a land where every prospect pleases, at least—take it from Miss Rothery—it has found a design for living.

Since its emancipation from mighty Russia, many things have happened in this brave new land. To the outside world it has exported great athletes like Paavo Nurmi, wood-pulp, and dairy products that rival Denmark's. Within its borders, it keeps one wary eye on Soviet Russia and the other upon the fortunes of the buffer States which lie between it and a Germany once more glancing significantly toward the East. Meanwhile it goes about its affairs,



Some Finlanders go to school in a boat

prepared for a troubled future and rejoicing in the slow progress of the moment.

In few countries have women reached a higher plane of citizenship, for in Finland they have their Martha League, not the least of whose tasks at present is to persuade the hardy peasants to open the windows and let in some fresh air. More dramatic is their Lotta Sward, a sort of ladies' auxiliary to the men's Civil Guard. In the War for Liberation the women played their part, and evidently intend to do the same in any future war.

They are great scrubbers and sweepers, these Finnish women; but apparently they have time for dances too, and some of them have been known to walk twenty-five miles with babies strapped to their backs rather than miss a festival.

Grim Warriors—But there is a grim side, for the Finns are still too close to the battle for freedom to value their independence lightly. Thus, tho "Big Catherine," a tower built in 1547 for soldiers, now houses a restaurant, the garrison is ever-present in new quarters to remind tourists that from 1154 to 1809 Finland belonged to Sweden, and from 1809 to 1917 was under the thumb of the Czars. It became a Republic in 1919, and a Republic it intends to stay.

And for a very young commonwealth, it has many interesting features, among them the co-operatives common to Scandinavian countries, which handle everything from cheese to mouse-traps. Many of them are self-sustaining.

As national heroes Jan Sibelius, the composer, shares honors with Nurmi, the footracer. The latter's admirers "are as many as Nijinsky's ever were, and more ardent," Miss Rothery notes.

"A fascinating book," says Katherine Woods in *The New York Herald Tribune Books,* and Arthur Maurice in the New York *Sun* sees the author depicting "a country that is setting an example morally and physically to the more turbulent states of the earth." Charles Hanson Towne in the New York *American* feels "like taking a boat and getting there forthwith."

"Finland: The New Nation" is supposed to be a travel-book. It is much more than that. It is a complete education about the one country on the face of the globe which has loyally paid its debt to America.

* * *

Sycamore Shores. By Clark B. Firestone. 247 pp. (New York: Robert M. McBride and Company; $3.)

Despite floods, droughts, and the more abundant life, America's rivers still amble unhurriedly to the sea, timeless witnesses to the endless saga of a new nation. Their story is essentially the story of America, red man and white, tho they have sometimes been more stedfast in their historic channels than the mortals who have spanned and harnessed them.

In "Sycamore Shores" Clark B. Firestone, Associate Editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* has harnessed in type eighteen of the mighty Ohio's feeders, remarking that "the name of their world is Serenity."

Serenity flows through the book, for the author's Ohio is not a river of head-lines. Clayton Hoagland in the New York *Sun* finds himself dipping an exploratory toe, then diving headlong into "a rich slice of Americana, chock-full of singing native names; pithy in historical and literary allusions, folk-lore and legend, glimpses of old towns." Its agelessness is underlined by Mark Van Doren in *The New York Herald Tribune Books,* who feels that this fertile country "exists quite as much in the past as in the present."

Homespun Vitality—Briefly, "Sycamore Shores" is the tale of rivers which spawned the stern-wheeler, still the romantic water vehicle of the American novel; the rolling hills, fecund valleys, and broad plains which coined such eloquent terms as poke and woolen britches; the vital, homespun folk who sired Mark Twain and Jesse James, Irvin Cobb, and a half-dozen Presidents.

Those whose westward plodding feet have been laved by these mighty streams have learned to love them, as Twain loved them, as Firestone loves them. There is a something about their profound peace which has enmeshed shanty-boatmen, crossroads storekeepers, and farmers. And modern city folk other than the author, among them James Albert Green, of the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* who thinks rivers "are living things with which man should hold communion."

Such praise rises in one harmonious chorus from many another reviewer whose judgment is tinged with the saffron memories of boyhood. Thus William J. Cross, of the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News-Sentinel,* speaks of "a sweeping, colorful panorama of the heart of America"; Tom Wallace of the Louisville *Times,* of "a refreshing book"; and *The New York Times Book Review* of "a book that will fill with nostalgia all those who once knew it, but have been long away."

Mr. Firestone's eighteen rivers cradled Young America, knew its birth-pangs; they will survive Adolescent America s mistakes.

* * *

The Heritage of the Bounty. By Harry L. Shapiro. 329 pp. (New York: Simon & Schuster; $3.)

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall wove from the mutiny on *H. M. S. Bounty* in 1789 a trilogy now safely cat-

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aloged as a masterpiece of the sea, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought the best of it to every hamlet in America, but both the book and the film left Fletcher Christian and his brood high and dry on Pitcairn Island.

Doctor Shapiro journeyed to that Pacific Arcady to find out what had happened to the descendants of those boisterous British tars and their Tahitian maidens. What he discovered will not be comforting to those eugenists who had disposed of the Jukes family. His book, the Boston *Herald* warns, will develop "many surprizes."

Surprize number one is that, despite the close inbreeding, the good folk of Pitcairn are of as sturdy stock as any. An anthropologist, the author applies the scrutiny of science to them, and finds to his own astonishment that Tahitian and English blood has mixed admirably, and still does after generations of virtually no dilution. The only noticeable physical deficiency he discovered—bad teeth—he feels may be traced to a marked characteristic of John Adams, the only white man to survive the war between Europeans and natives.

Rule of Bible—This Adams and the nine Tahitian women who fought against their own race, with twenty-five children who somehow survived the massacre, dwelt in Christian amity. The Bible was their law and grammar. Once, when their tiny islet became too small, the British removed them to Norfolk Island, all of thirteen miles square. But six families returned to Pitcairn, which was home. There they live to-day, as Seventh Day Adventists.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Union* calls Doctor Shapiro's "the most fascinating book of the season," and the Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen* agrees that it is "a startling, human, sympathetic tale." The Buffalo *Evening News* feels that to call "this book interesting is . . . gross understatement."

And for those who may be afraid that they are dipping into something a bit dry, Robert Van Gelder in the New York *Times* asserts: "Despite the fact that this book is the work of a scientist writing on his own specialty, the general reader will not find it dull or in the least overtechnical."

Certainly it is the legitimate sequel to the "Bounty" series, and those who came to fear and loathe Captain Bligh no less cordially than did his crew will rejoice that the adventure should end in so dignified a "happily ever after" account. It sets the high seal of the substantial commonplace upon the results of one of the strangest "true stories" ever cast up by the sea.

* * *

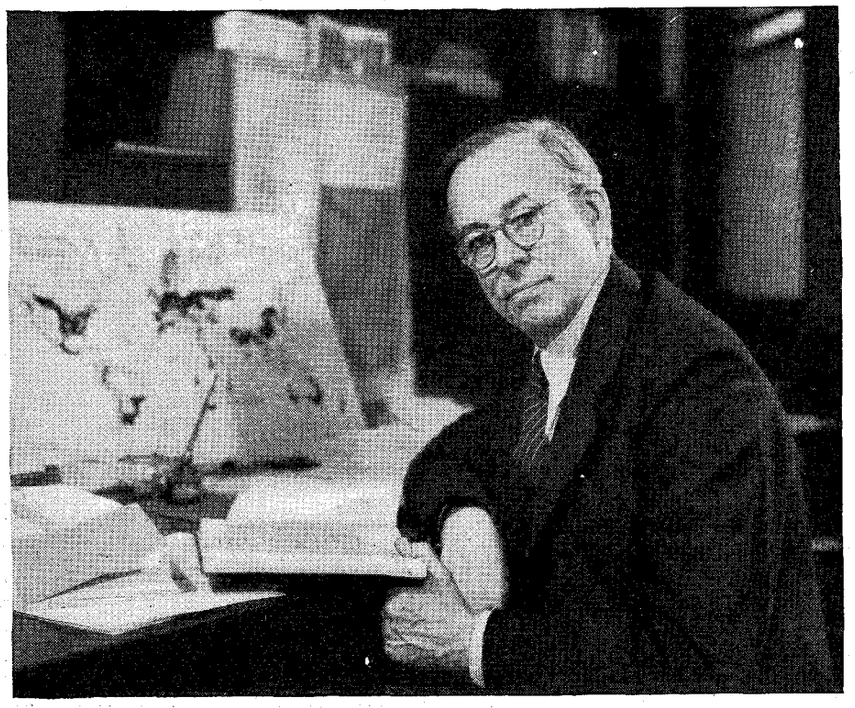
Maurice Maeterlinck, in **"Pigeons and Spiders"** (Norton), carries on in the manner of his "The Life of the Bee." . . . He discovers that the water-spider and its "diving-bell" have managed somehow to get away ahead of man in the employment of principles of physics and hydrostatics.

* * *

P. E. Cleator, author of **"Rockets Through Space"** (Simon and Schuster), insists that a rocket to the moon is theoretically possible, but that it would cost about $100,000,000, and nobody has yet been found willing to shoot off all that money in fireworks.

* * *

The Messrs. Covici-Friede, publishers of C. J. Bulliett's **"The Significant Moderns and Their Pictures,"** a book to explain just what all this art business is about, call attention to one encouraging sentence: "Cézanne failed to pass the entrance examinations for the Ecole des Beaux Arts."



Shaving with a Piece of Mind

by **Walter B. Pitkin,** *Author of "Life Begins at 40"*

DID YOU ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade. But I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant spreading over two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the *Mind Behind the Blade.* And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this *Mind* and its laboratories than many other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind that is determined to master every fact and to apply fact to factory, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real invisible edge of Gillette is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor!

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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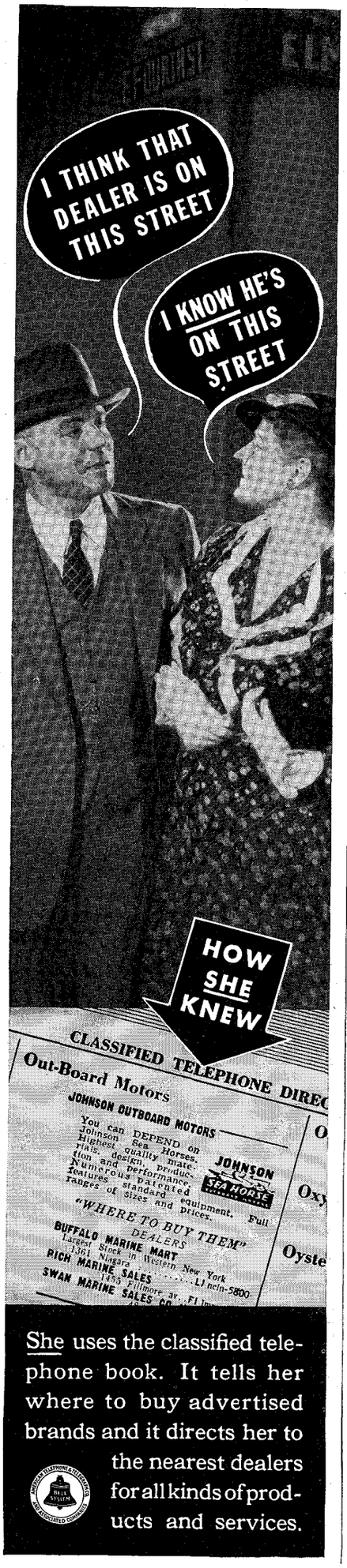
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She uses the classified telephone book. It tells her where to buy advertised brands and it directs her to the nearest dealers for all kinds of products and services.

Current Poetry

REPRIEVE

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

When Death's bright angel called for Jotham Hill,
He found that ancient seated in the ell,
From oddments—fur and feather, silk and quill—
Fashioning trout flies cunningly and well.

The craftsman fixed a knot—bit short the thread.
With deft precision . . . Then his knowing eye
Appraised the pinioned stranger . . . "Well," he said,
Head tilted as he laid his pincers by,

"If that ain't what I've dreamed of!
Could you spare
One of those shining feathers? Just below
That rip (he pointed)—there's a whacker there
Must weigh a pound! That fish would rise, I know." . . .

Smiling, the angel soared. . . . "Too keen—too steady,"
He mused. "I'll enter in the Book, 'Not ready!'"

—*New York Times.*

AFTER ALL

BY DOROTHY ALYEA

The nicest people are discreet,
Their eyes are dropped, their voices fall.
The rain goes mocking down the street
And dances on the nearest wall.

The nicest people do not shout
Nor run nor riot through the day,
But when the childish wind gets out
She blows propriety away.

The wind makes sport of bishops' cloaks,
The rain will drip upon a crown
And all the high and mighty folks
Go running home when rain comes down.

But plowboys whistling in a field
And sailormen upon the sea
Laugh at the wind and do not yield
Their balance or their dignity.

—*Kaleidograph.*

LIKE CYPRESS SHADE

BY LESLIE SAVAGE

Peace is coolly green and still
Like hemlock trails inlaid
With feathered moss and little ferns—
As green as cypress shade
By pools where Sappho dreamed—as still
As Buddha carved in jade.

—*Verse Craft.*

MEMORIES

BY DOROTHY BEESKOW

Two fragile teacups
Once held in warm loving hands
Now lie crushed by fate.

—*Driftwind.*

PURITAN

BY SARAH TROUSDALE MALLORY

I'm not afraid of sorrows,
I'm not afraid of pain,
I'm not afraid of darkness
Or silly loves that wane.

But, oh, how I feel gladness
That stabs a soul alive,
Then leaves it anguished, aching
With sins no faith can shrive.

—*Mnemonic and Other Verses.* (The Claxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.)

BOUNTY

BY EDITH J. THORSON

Between protecting shoulders of the hills,
I caught a glimpse of beauty, rare and sweet,
A panorama of the love God spills
Into a peaceful valley at His feet.

—*Cycle.*

THE YOUNG STAR-GAZER

BY HUGH DE BLACAM

On many a wakeful winter night
I from my window watch the sky:
Glittering, gleaming, twinkling bright,
I see a million stars go by.

They rise behind the eastern hill,
And through long hours when people rest,
They glide in silence on, until
They vanish in the distant west;

And while I watch, it seems to me
The shining points (had I a glass)
Are ships upon a darkened sea
With lights that signal as they pass;

And that our world is under weigh
And sailing on thro' darkness, too,
Seeking the haven, far away,
That vessels of the star-fleet do.

A happy voyage!—I wish them all,
And hope, perhaps, another boy
Will see my lamp, and wave, and call
Across the darkness: "Ship ahoy!"

—*The Commonweal.*

Sarah Trousdale Mallory, born in Illinois, now is one of the English faculty at the University of Wyoming. Her avocation is poetry. A frequent contributor to various publications

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

answer, reply.—"L. B. H.," Cumberland, Md.—The distinction drawn from the meanings of the words *answer* and *reply* may be stated as follows: We *answer* a question but *reply* to a remonstrance. *Answer* is used also in the sense of acknowledge, as when one writes a letter in *reply* to a communication previously received. A *reply* is that which is said in *answer* to something, as to an attack or protest, but may avoid the issue; whence we get the expression, "The *reply* is no *answer*." To be an *answer*, the *reply* must be such as will cover the issue completely and so satisfactorily as to preclude further discussion.

chief justice (plural of).—"E. B. C.," New York City.—In the United States, in forming the plurals of complex titles, the principal word in the title is given the plural form. That principal word is always a noun, sometimes occupying the first position—as *postmaster-general, postmasters-general*—and sometimes the second—as *deputy judge, deputy judges*.

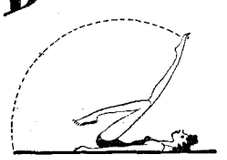
In the title, *chief justice, chief* is an adjective and would, therefore, not be pluralized. It is quite analogous to "principal city," the plural being "principal *cities*." Hence, under either category, as the principal word or in accord with grammatical rules, it is *justice* that takes the plural form—*chief justices*.

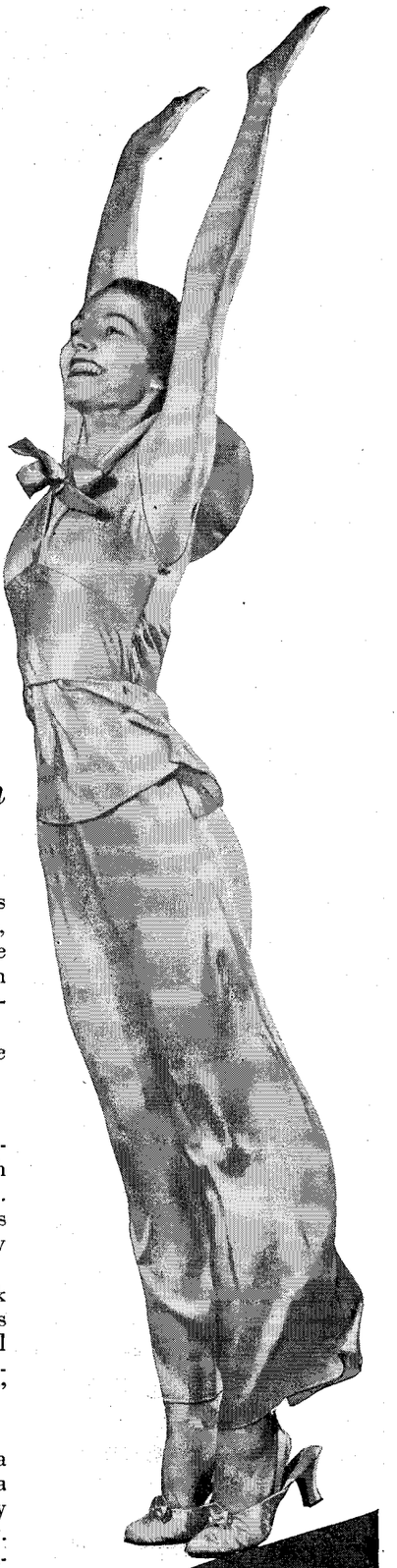
holy, sacred.—"G. L. F.," Bella Coola, Canada.—*Sacred* is applied to that which is to be regarded as inviolable on any account, and so is not restricted to divine things; therefore in its lower applications it is less than *holy*. That which is *sacred* may be made so by institution, decree, or association; that which is *holy* is so by its own nature, possessing intrinsic moral purity, and, in the highest sense, absolute moral perfection. God is *holy;* his commands are *sacred*. *Holy* may be applied also to that which is *hallowed;* as, "the place whereon thou standest is *holy* ground," *Ex.* iii, 5. In such use *holy* is more than *sacred*, as if the very qualities of a spiritual or divine presence were imparted to the place or object.

levee.—"A. H.," Louisville, Ky.—The word *levee* may be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable or on the second —*lev-ee'* or *lev'ee*. Formerly, through the influence of the French word *levée*, a morning reception, the accent was considered correctly placed on the second syllable; but American usage is tending to distinguish between the two terms by giving a preference to the major stress on the first syllable when referring to the embankment.

penny dreadful.—"D. C.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—An expression used in England to describe a newspaper which features crimes, divorce-court proceedings, outrages, and other sensational news. It is also applied to a novelette of sensational character.

Add SARÁKA to your DAILY DOZEN





Exercise and strengthen the intestinal muscles

This is the story of a young lady who was *determined* to be healthy. Every morning, she did her setting-up exercises. Over the week-end—tennis and swimming. Yet, in spite of it all, she still suffered from *constipation.*

Then she heard of a new kind of exercise —a laxative with "exercising action."

Safe—Pleasant to take

After breakfast and dinner, she takes a teaspoonful of Saráka*—tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. During the next two hours, these granules undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

"Get busy and exercise," this extra bulk signals to lazy intestinal muscles. "This is what you've been waiting for during all these sluggish months—something to exercise on—something to make you stronger."

Bulk Plus Motility*

In addition—to make sure that the extra bulk keeps *in motion*—Saráka contains a specially prepared frangula, which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives.

In fact, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Its results are so natural yet thorough that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was unknown.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is absolutely safe and non-habit forming. It takes advantage of the most recent discoveries in intestinal hygiene. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Or mail the coupon today.

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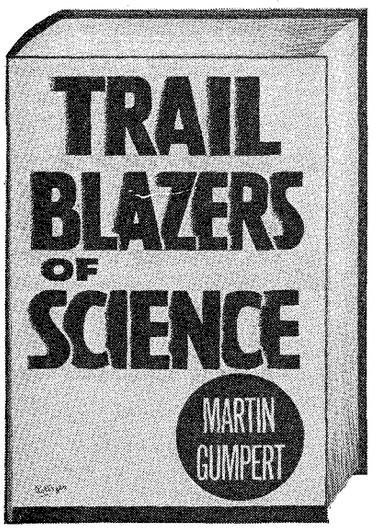

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Not since Paul De Kruif's MICROBE HUNTERS has the story of man's devotion to a scientific idea been so stirringly told. These ten brilliantly-written biographies bring to the reader men whose inestimable contributions to human knowledge have been, in many cases, too little known.

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Personalities

GHIONE'S LUCK Thirteen Is Magical, La Scala Director, Reaching U. S., Insists

"Yes," chuckles Franco Ghione, "I am superstitious. For example, I believe that the number thirteen is good luck."

The volatile little operatic conductor at La Scala, Milan, largest opera-house in Italy, finest in Europe, is never surer of himself than when his baton weaves its spell over the pit and gilded horseshoe of the 160-year-old gray stone building on the Via Santa Marghuerita. When it comes to the English language, he must dam his mercurial stream of *Piemontese,* and wait for Thaddeus Wronski, his interpreter and Director of the Detroit Opera, to translate for him.

"Ah, but the *best* luck!" Wronski beams, rubbing his hands. "You see," he explains, "I first saw Ghione last summer in Cremona. He was conducting 'Otello.' It was wonderful. I wanted to speak to him, but I was afraid the great Ghione would resent. I returned to the States.

"Then it was suggested to me that I produce 'The Dybbuk' in English. I looked at the libretto. The first performance had taken place at La Scala in March, 1934. The conductor was Ghione. I took the matter up with my trustees. Well—

"We met on Friday, September 13, last year—my birthday. I wired Ghione and he accepted. The first press conference took place in New York on Friday, the 13th. There were thirteen present. And Ghione opens in New York on May 13."

Number of Fame—"You see?" the *maestro* exclaims excitedly; "the number thirteen is leading me to fame."

"And me to a sanitarium," Wronski sighs.

Ever since the Ghiones touched American shores last week for the first time, the three have been much together. Wronski met them in New York. For it is under his auspices that the Italian will conduct the world-famous opera for the first time in America, the first time in English, in Detroit this week.

"And he will wear that terrible dress suit!" his wife complains. Her pretty blonde head wags in mock disapproval.

The "terrible dress suit" is also, it seems, a luck-piece. It was far from new in 1922, when the first Ghione *bambino* was born in Torino. And it was the only presentable outfit Papa Ghione had—the uniform of his profession. Nevertheless, when one has a *bambino* he must don his best, ask his friends in to drink *vino.* So the struggling young Piemontese musician sighed, shrugged, spent his last lire for *marsala,* and trusted to luck.

It came a few weeks later in the form of a 3,000-lira prize from the Society of Artists of Torino for his "Suol d'Aleramo," a composition for double quintet of five strings and five wood-winds.

It kept coming, for that same year Arturo Toscanini, Italy's greatest modern conductor, who last week closed a brilliant career chapter as head of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, called Ghione to La Scala as his first assistant. Ghione has been there ever since, and had divided his time between Milan and Il Reggio, Torino's municipally-supported

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opera-house, until the latter was destroyed by fire early this year.

Incidentally, when the ancient, unprepossessing Il Reggio, erected against the Pallazio Royale so the King could go to the opera without getting his feet wet, burned, only Ghione's dressing-room was spared. In it was the magic dress suit, again an omen of good fortune.

The *maestro* is not very tall; says he weighs about 150 pounds, but does not look it. Conservative, well-cut clothes grace his wiry frame, but he dotes on striped shirts with matching collars, and gay ties. His face is strong, with a wide mouth; the unruly thatch of dark hair is thinning a little, graying about the temples; his blue eyes are separated by a slender, Romanesque nose.

One is impressed by his modesty. He is completely unassuming, reticent about his achievements. And he is very proud of his pretty young wife and the two children, who are in Italy. He is not encouraging them to be musical. "Because of my own early struggles," he smiles wryly.

Ghione insists he has no hobbies; plays no games, not even cards; but he likes to watch others play *boccie*, a sort of bowling, and enjoys seeing sea sports.

Drama of a serious nature interests him, but he dislikes musicals, revues, and movies. His wife likes the cinema, and whenever she wishes especially to go there is usually an argument. "Always she wins," he laughs.

Lucky Sweater—When he is at a rehearsal he usually wears an old sweater—like the dress suit of premières—for luck.

This is his first trip to America, but he is enthusiastic about everything—the broad avenues, the tall buildings, the women.

"Which," he is pinned down instantly, "are the more beautiful—American women or Italian women?"

At that he squirms a bit; his animated wife leans forward eagerly.

"American," he smiles; "with one exception: my wife."

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Farouk—Successor of Rameses—call it simply *far-ook*.

Bacharach — Representative (R.) from New Jersey—change each *h* to *k*: *back'a-rack*.

Dondero—Representative (R.) from Michigan—

When the roll is called up *yonder-o*,
It's sure 'twill mention *Dondero*.

Fernandez — Representative (D.) from Louisiana—change *dez* to *dess*: *fer-nan'dess*.

Iglesias — Resident Commissioner from Puerto Rico—he gives it, *ee-gless'ee-ass*.

Kniffen—Representative (D.) from Ohio—silent *k*, as in *knife*: *nif'in*.

Lehlbach—Representative (R.) from New Jersey—rimes with *whale-back*.

Massingale — Representative (D.) from Oklahoma—in boyhood in Mississippi, folks said *mass'ingle*, in Oklahoma, *mass-in-galé*.

Montet—Representative (D.) from Louisiana—as if spelled *mon-tay'*.

Rabaut—Representative (D.) from Michigan — another French name: *ra'bo*, *a* of *rabbit*.

All aboard!

Low summer fares to California start next Friday. New, faster schedules. Millions for comfort.

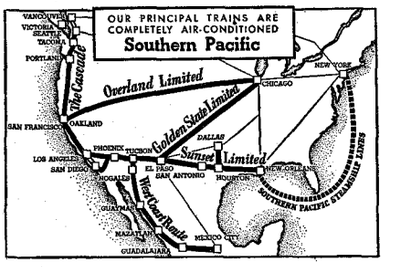
At the first instant of next Friday, May 15, reduced summer roundtrip fares to California and other western regions go into effect on Southern Pacific. Every day thereafter until October 15 you will be able to cross the continent on swift, air-conditioned trains at fares like these examples from Chicago: $86 to California and back in luxurious, air-conditioned standard Pullmans, plus Pullman charge; $68.80 in air-conditioned tourist sleeping cars, plus small berth charge; $57.35 in air-conditioned chair cars.

To these low fares, Southern Pacific adds its famed Four Scenic Routes and this well-known privilege: go on one of these routes and return on a different one. *See the whole Pacific Coast for not 1c extra rail fare (from most points).*

A new Sunset Limited

Long has Southern Pacific carried more people to the west than any other railroad. Anticipating another tremendous westward movement this summer, Southern Pacific is spending millions to air-condition more trains, speed up schedules, add dozens of fine, new cars.

Last week, a new and faster, completely air-conditioned *Sunset Limited* with sparkling new equipment began a through schedule between New Orleans and San Francisco. The former "Sunset Limited" between New Orleans and Los Angeles is now the *Argonaut*, is also completely air-conditioned. The *Apache*, running mate of the luxurious *Golden State Limited* between Chicago and Los Angeles, has had its eastbound schedule trimmed, its equipment improved and completely air-conditioned.



Summer heat abolished

This summer, a score of Southern Pacific trains will be air-conditioned from stem to stern. In addition to those shown on the map and mentioned above, many another Southern Pacific train in the west and south will shield its passengers from summer heat and dust.

Write Mr. Bartlett

In all western travel matters, Southern Pacific's eastern Passenger Traffic Manager, O. P. Bartlett, is a recognized authority. At his fingertips are facts and figures about all the thrilling vacation regions served by Southern Pacific's 16,000 miles of line. For booklets: *How to see the whole Pacific Coast* and *How to save money on your trip*, write Mr. Bartlett, Dept. LD-52, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

Southern Pacific

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When the Olympic Bell calls the youth of the world to Germany, it summons as well lovers of art, music, the drama ...lovers of beauty and lovers of life.

For, this year, Germany plays the leading role in the itinerary of transatlantic travelers:

XIth OLYMPIC GAMES—in Berlin, August 1 to 16. The Olympic Regatta at Kiel.

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Social Service

AMERICAN LOTTERY PROJECTS IN COURT

Legal Battle Follows Farley Order Denying Use of Mails

Carrying a hundred pounds of gold bullion each, 16,080 stevedores would be needed to load aboard ship the billion dollars that Americans send out every year to foreign lotteries.

It would take 201 men, working a full eight-hour day and each making ten trips an hour from pier to ship, to stow away the 804 tons of bullion.

But most of this money goes abroad as dollar bills—a billion of them would pave a twenty-foot highway from New York to St. Louis, 968 miles.

In 1890, Congress made lotteries illegal by writing Section 213 into the Criminal Code. Last year two respected New Yorkers decided that conditions had changed since 1890. They thought that America's billion should be kept at home, drew up schemes they believed were within the existing law, and started contests.

These sponsors were the socially prominent Mrs. Oliver Harriman, gracious but determined leader of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, and Alfred E. Smith, Jr., Vice-President and General Counsel of the Golden Stakes Advertising Corporation. Prizes in Mrs. Harriman's contest were awarded on the basis of the best arrangement of a list of sixteen charities. Those in the Golden Stakes were given for assigning the most appropriate song titles to a series of cartoons.

Veto by Farley—Last week Postmaster General James A. Farley issued a written order denying the use of the mails to both groups. Indignantly, Mrs. Harriman insisted that she had obtained a written ruling that her contest was legal before starting it, appealed to the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Mr. Smith took similar action, and Federal Judge John C. Knox signed preliminary injunctions preventing the New York Postmaster from enforcing the Farley order. A few days later, however, Judge Knox voided the injunctions on the ground that the Postmaster General should have been made a party to the suit. In the meantime, both sponsors moved to obtain permanent stays in the New York State Supreme Court.

The idea of lotteries goes back to the Romans, for Augustus and Nero used them to balance depleted budgets. At the Saturnalia, Romans held lotteries in which the first prize was a slave, the "booby" award six fat houseflies.

George Washington bought the first ticket in the Continental Congress $5,000,000 drawing. A lottery restored Faneuil Hall in Boston after its burning in 1761. New York's first prize drawing was held in 1655, when the world's largest city was known as New Amsterdam. The premiums were Bibles, and the cash raised went to the starving, ragged poor.

But reformers in America rode on the wave of reaction to the greed and graft of the Grand Extraordinary Louisiana Lottery. Salesmen for this fantastic $28,000,000-a-year enterprise put a ticket into the pocket of one out of every five citizens in the 'eighties. It made multimillionaires of John A. Morris, czar of the lottery interests in those days, and of many of his associates. But it filled a nation with disgust.

France, too, was filled with disgust in 1681, when the King won the first and only prize in a drawing he sponsored. In 1832 the French legally abolished lotteries, but in 1933 they concluded that, since there were no Kings in the Third Republic, it would be safe to have a State-controlled draw. It nets the Paris Government $480,000,000 annually.

Press Views Differ—Mrs. Harriman believes that America, too, should forget past abuses and follow the lead of thirty other depression-poor nations. The New York *Daily News*, agreeing with her heartily, asks "what is immoral about lotteries?"

"Wouldn't the sensible and sound and really moral thing be to get realistic about the human gambling instinct, and give this money a chance to start working in our own country?"

But many papers see danger in State drawings. Says the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"We believe plans for State or municipal lotteries are mischievous, and will add to the difficulties they are supposed to relieve. Expedience is never a valid substitute for sound methods of economy in government."

Warning—"Those who have visited the lottery countries have not been favorably impressed by the results," says Westbrook Pegler, columnist for the Scripps-Howard papers.

Mr. Pegler adds that the Irish Sweep "has a fine reputation for honesty and prompt payment . . . and if we must have one theirs would be a model worth investigating. Their trouble is that they can't spend away the profits as fast as they accrue. Yet Ireland, too, with the best sweep in the world, is not to be envied by the United States, and I suggest that we ought to save the lottery as the last baby to be thrown to the wolves of adversity."

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Postmaster General James A. Farley . . . he invokes antilottery law

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Press

VOTERS' READING There Will Be Plenty of Political Pro and Con in Black and White Before Fall

A water-hole for foxes and a fur-farm at Everett, Massachusetts, costing $1,341; an $8,478 PWA appropriation for cleaning up a piggery at Waltham, Massachusetts; $14,752 for construction of a lily-pond at Placerville, California.

To *The Trumpeter*, Republican National Committee's new fortnightly magazine, such items are "Nuts on the White House Table." *The Trumpeter* offers $5 for every boondoggle its editors consider worth publishing.

But to *The Roosevelt Record*, another newcomer in the magazine field, "to-day's boondoggle is to-morrow's boon." The lead article in its first issue turns Jay Franklin's pen to a defense of the much-ridiculed $25,000 WPA dog-pound in Memphis.

Or, if you turn to a third political tyro in the field of journalism, the Republican *On Our Way*, a fortnightly rotogravure tabloid, you will see a photograph of the Grand Coulee project in Washington, and a subsistence-homestead operation in New Jersey under the title: "The money goes 'round and 'round, but comes out of you."

Cheers and Jeers—Put these new publications all together and they spell Campaign of 1936. As conventions and elections approach, partizans are not satisfied with the assistance of the established press.

On the Democratic side, *The Roosevelt Record* augments a service already widely distributed. The National Committee gets out a weekly clip-sheet for newspapers. The Women's Division issues a monthly magazine, *The Democratic Digest*, and the Young Democrats are responsible for a monthly tabloid-size newspaper, *The National Young Democrat*.

The Roosevelt Record calls itself "A New Deal in Facts." Its editorial adviser is the Rev. Dr. Stanley High, earnest and trim ordained clergyman, writer, and radio-broadcaster, who recently has been sitting behind a desk in Washington Democratic headquarters. His rôle is to assist in "non-partizan" campaign activities.

Doctor High's record includes war-time aviation, missionary work in China, European correspondence for *The Christian Science Monitor*, and rapid-fire religious and news broadcasts. He has much to do with the Democratic radio campaign.

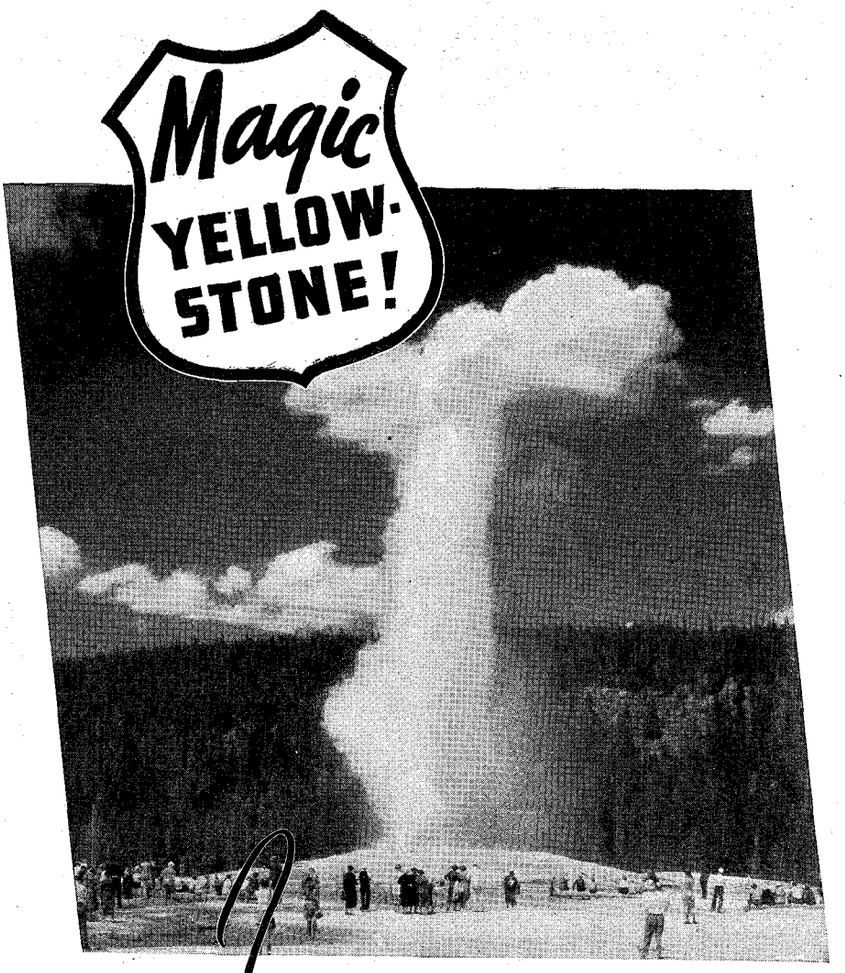
Political Poetry—Subscription price of *The Roosevelt Record*, which aims to give weekly "a straightforward account of the achievements of Franklin D. Roosevelt," is $1 a year.

For the Republicans, the National Committee scatters, far and wide, a weekly clip-sheet, called *Facts and Opinion*, a sort of news-letter ranging from four to six pages. The Women's Division has a monthly magazine, *The Republican Challenge*, and also a monthly study-leaflet.

The Trumpeter, in addition to its boondoggling award, offers $25 for poems sufficiently uncomplimentary to the New Deal.

On Our Way, used to reinforce the Republican campaign for $1,000,000 from 1,000,000 Americans, goes to a special mailing-list of those who contribute $1 to insure regular delivery.

Voters will not lack for reading matter.



IMAGINE seeing (within one compact vacation region), geysers in action, multi-colored pools, mud volcanoes, exquisitely tinted terraces, a canyon so beautiful that it alone is worth the trip, a waterfall twice the height of Niagara, and wild animals galore.

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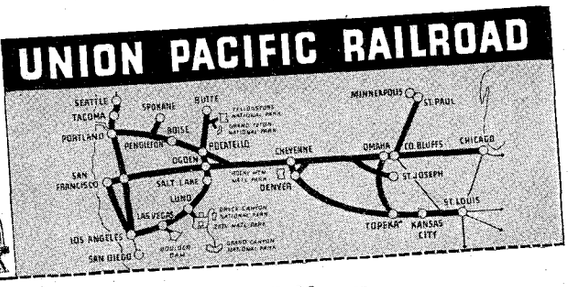

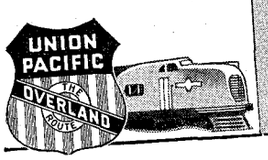

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TESTING CANAL AS AMERICA'S LIFE-LINE

Most Secret War Game Develops Hawaiian-Panama Defense

Wide World

Admiral "Bull" Reeves and his Boston terrier, Rags, who rules the flag-ship's quarter-deck

There is one way an attacking nation may be fairly certain of working its air-plane-carriers in destructively close to a defender's shores. The tactics come from the football-field. Seven or more sacrificial heavy cruisers are sent ahead, fanwise, to "run interference" for the "back-field," which would be the plane-carriers.

The difficulty of disorganizing this attack has made it impossible for any tactician alive to say positively whether the Panama Canal is the vital jugular vein of the nation's security, or merely an efficient waterway slashing hours out of Coast-to-Coast shipping.

This week, almost a quarter of a century after the Canal was opened to traffic, the Navy will know. The public never will, unless the nation actually is attacked by an enemy. The definite results of the grim war games in Pacific waters will be locked away, the good or evil of them known only to the admirals.

Superficially, the spring war games seek to establish just how helpless the Canal would be if the United States were forced to abandon its Hawaiian bases.

Giant Pawns—On the broad chess-board of the Pacific, admirals are moving and counter-moving the giant "pawns"—fourteen superdreadnaughts of the Battle Force, four aircraft-carriers, seventeen cruisers, seventy-one destroyers, seventeen submarines, and 400 fast planes.

This mighty force is divided into two fleets—"White" and "Blue." One stands off the west coast of Panama, the last line of defense for the interocean life-line; the other steams in to destroy or be destroyed. Which is which, none but the admirals know.

For what happens in Problem XVII will be strictly the Navy's business. Unprecedented secrecy surrounds the "battle." For the first time, America's naval games are being played without a gallery of the press. Just before the Fleet sailed, orders instructed officers and men to leave all cameras ashore.

Not a shot is being fired in this, the Navy's annual mimic war, but the admirals are playing no paper game; they are shifting no toy ship models on large scale maps. The sleek submarines which poke warily through hidden reefs, disturbing the lazy dozing of floating coral-snakes, are real enough. So are the waspish pursuit-planes and massive but swift bombers which dart about overhead in hot, clear, tropical skies, simulating genuine "dog-fights" above the slower-moving gray war-craft.

The brisk tide of battle surges back and forth across millions of square sea-miles without a wilful casualty among the 2,000 officers and 50,000 men engaged.

When the operations in the Bay of Panama end on May 12, the opposing admirals will file their reports with the War Plans Division in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations at Washington. The successive maneuvers will be blue-printed at the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. The public will not know whether the Panama Canal stood or fell, how many ships were sunk, how many planes brought down in flaming arcs.

Rounding Horn—If *Uncle Sam's* Canal is captured or destroyed, it means traveling again around blustery, treacherous Cape Horn, at the tip of the Argentine. For warships desperately needed to repel an invasion, that would entail a loss of from fifty to ninety days' precious time.

Two of the commanders in this year's maneuvers know just how long it takes to round the Horn, for they did it with "Fighting Bob" Evans on the U.S.S. *Oregon* in 1898. Two of the four men still in naval service who were in that history-making dash are Adm. Joseph Mason Reeves, tall, kindly, professorial-looking "CinCUS," or Commander in Chief, United States Fleet, and Adm. William D. Leahy, popular "ComBatFor," or Commander, Battle Force, who is directing the "Blue" armada.

After the Fleet left its San Pedro and San Diego bases in the misty dawn of April 27 (see cover), the trim-rigged Admiral, known as "Bull" Reeves by sailors from lowliest gob to chipper flag-lieutenant, had *carte blanche* to do as he pleased. If one side gets wind of what the opposing force is doing—there are "spies" in this game, too—the "CinCUS" reshuffles the cards to deal out an entirely new hand. As chief umpire, he is the only one knowing the exact part each card is to play in battle-practise for the Navy's brains.

Forceful and direct, the chief umpire is an experienced tactician. Tho bearded as an old-line sea-dog, he wears the up-to-date golden wings of a naval aviator, being the first "air-admiral" to climb from the engine-room to supreme fighting command.

Reeves's Last—Fleet Problem XVII will offer the gently dignified Admiral Reeves a last opportunity to display his gifts as a master sea-strategist. On June 24, several weeks after the war-games end, he will yield his four-starred epaulets to Vice Adm. Arthur Japy Hepburn, now Commander, Scouting Force, who then will become a full admiral.

In these maneuvers, the Scouting Commander is leading the "Whites." In last year's Problem XVI, Admiral Hepburn directed the raiders from Alaska who attacked the defenders near Hawaii.

The raiders maneuvered all over a Pacific pentagon, from the bleak Aleutians to sunny tropical coral-reefs, scored important theoretical hits, and figuratively sank several defending "battle-wagons." Referees decided that Admiral Hepburn, representing the foe, had won, and could have invaded California easily.

One thing about Problem XVII is certain, and no secret: the Fleet will not run out of cigarettes. Just before the great flotilla left San Diego Harbor, a ship-chandler there put out 3,500 cases (35,000,000) of "smokes" for the war gamesters. Sailors based on San Diego use between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 cigarettes a month.

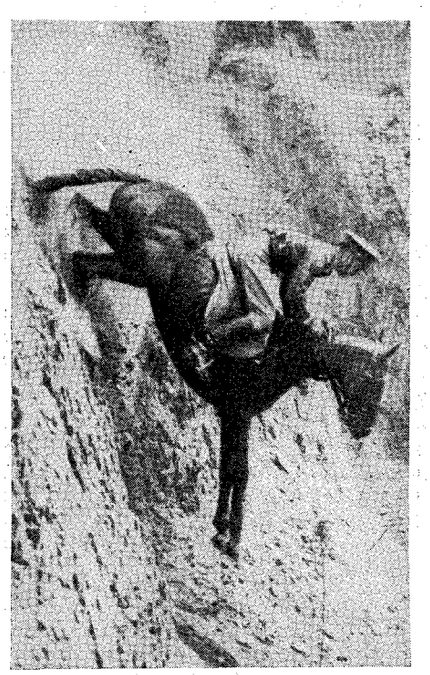
How the reports are resolved into a decision is not public property. There is a formula, demonstrably accurate. Each opposing "fleet" makes or loses points. The winning fleet is that one which emerges from the games with the most points.

DOBBIN'S LAST STAND It's Being Made in Mimic War With Mechanized Cavalry

Milk companies still believe the horse more efficient than the automobile for door-to-door deliveries. One-plow farms would rather feed a horse than grease a tractor. But the United States Cavalry, studying modern highways, rehearsing modern warfare, is mechanizing.

It has just concluded an experiment designed to determine whether troopers should be turned into chauffeurs and machine-gunners, and hustle forth to future combat astride sputtering motor-cycles.

Down in the Big Bend country of Texas, looking across the Rio Grande to Mexico, 3,000 Regulars have been maneuvering for



Wide World

Tho cavalry is being mechanized; the war-charger rules over rough country

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a week. Their shoulder insignia—the brown horse's head in a yellow shield of the First Cavalry Division—has become a familiar sight across the 12,000 square miles of Jeff Davis, Presidio, and Brewster Counties. In this rough sweep of rugged mountain and cactus-tangled plain, the troopers have pitted horse against armored car, fighting mock battles in which oil and gasoline vied with oats and hay as motive fuel.

The maneuvers are the first on a divisional scale since 1927, the first since this unit was brought up to date with motorized equipment. For the 2,000 horses and mules still with the division, they are more than that. Beneath the chaparral and stunted oak, Dobbin is making his last stand.

Naturally enough, the rubber-tired steeds ran off with all the spectacular honors. Detachments of a dozen cavalrymen with the fire-power of 300 troopers of two decades ago sped across the sage-brush at sixty miles an hour in armored scout-cars equipped with radio and machine-guns. Field artillery wheeled and pivoted at fifty miles an hour on oversized "doughnut" tires, running circles around the horse-drawn pieces. At such amazing speeds the traditional cavalry animals, supreme in this arm of war for 3,000 years, seemed hopelessly out of it.

Spotty Results—Yet there were places in this battle-field reminiscent of the Lone Star State's fight for freedom where men in motors could not go, and there the troopers were obliged to transfer themselves to sure-footed horses and mules to cross ravines and scale scraggly knolls.

Day after day horse cavalry has charged bravely against the flanks of the rival motor train—gallant saber-thrusts against leaden machine-gun bursts—striving to break down such an apparent superiority. Then, after hours of grimy skirmishing in the brush, officers have ridden back to divisional headquarters at Marfa, a little cow-town suddenly raised to the social proportions of a country club, there to chat with old friends they had not seen since Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing was chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico.

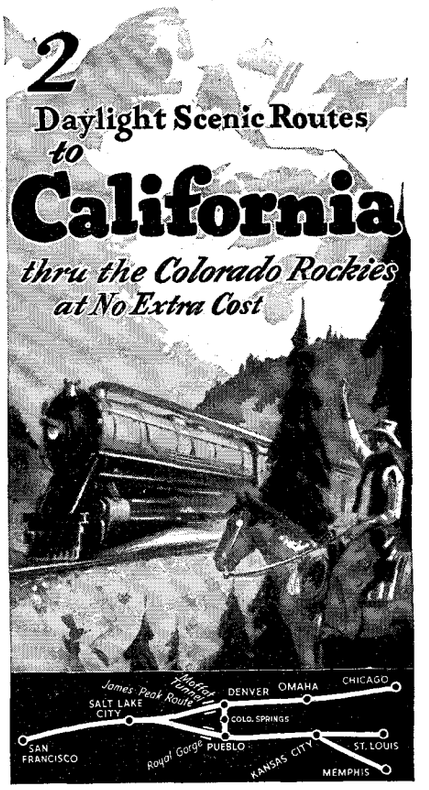
Some nights the troopers have bivouacked in the brush, where the deadliest foes were rattlers and mountain-lions, occasionally stampeding horses along the picket-lines. After all these hardships, the review Saturday will come as a welcome climax.

The entire First Cavalry Division will salute a tall, trim horseman with handsome, prominent features, button-brown eyes, and graying hair and mustache—Brig. Gen. Hamilton Smith Hawkins, Jr., its commanding general. Brilliant student, tactician, and leader, the cavalry is General Hawkins's life. He has served in every type of cavalry post.

Editorial View—"Everybody will agree that the cavalry has had a rough spin," the Baltimore *Sun* sighs sadly. "There is a popular belief that horse-cavalry in war to-day is about as useful as a knight in armor was after the perfection of gunpowder. . . .

"You can motorize the artillery without much complaint. But with the cavalry it's different. A cavalryman, booted and spurred, astride a motor-cycle, is unhappy, and he makes those who see him thus mounted unhappy.

"Those boots and spurs serve to recall the day when his was the most dashing, the most spectacular, branch of the service. . . . Let's hope that if we must have war it will not be shorn completely of the color and the poetry that cavalry has given it."



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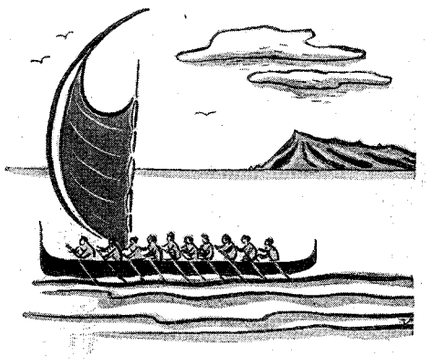

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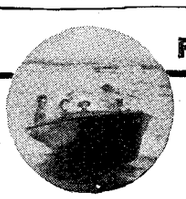

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"Old Town Boats"

Off-Side

Stolen Bridge—At Kutno, Poland, thieves stole an iron bridge while the whole town watched. They looked like repair-men. When the police woke up and investigated, it was too late. The bridge had disappeared completely. No trace of it has been found.

* * *

Crushing Hug—A Corunna, Michigan, husband hugged his wife so enthusiastically that he broke several of her ribs. Now he's serving ninety days for assault and battery.

* * *

Non-Believer in Signs—When Dan Sullivan of Denver, Colorado, opened his new tavern he put out a sign "No Women Allowed." When his first customer was a woman, he guessed she couldn't read. When his next, and his next, and his next, were also, he figured "women liked to poke their noses into places where they weren't wanted," and took down the sign.

* * *

Ocean Mail—In November, 1933, a ship sank in the Atlantic 400 miles off the Irish coast. Last week fishermen digging for bait discovered a cocoa tin containing the following message: "Steamer *Saxilby* sinking somewhere off Irish Coast. Love to sisters, brothers, and Dinah. Joe Okane." Joe's family live just a mile from the spot.

* * *

Mail-Order Baby—An Oregon mail-order house boasting itself "Complete House Furnishers" received the following telegram: "We lack a baby in our home and would like to have you act for us in Portland and obtain one for us, one white, blue-eyed, baby girl, not over one month old." The order is being filled when, as, and if possible.

* * *

Prostrated Wardrobe—With the temperature at only sixty-five, Tulsa, Oklahoma, had its first heat prostration victim of the season. He was an unemployed transient wearing seven suits of clothes and six suits of underwear. "It's warmer this way," he explained, "and you don't have to carry a suitcase."

* * *

Quack Teachers—Because young canaries learn to sing by listening to their mothers, Mrs. Wyatt of Camas, Washington, has canaries which quack. She left hers near some ducks Mr. Wyatt was raising.

* * *

Pig-Faced Friends—When a Chicopee, Massachusetts, farmer appealed to the Red Cross for a piggery to house twelve pigs recovered after they had been swept downstream by the floods, he was asked how he knew the pigs were his. "Why, I know every one of my pigs by their faces," he replied. He got the piggery.

* * *

Troublesome Red—Dr. Herbert Dickson of St. Louis says that if your bridge partner overbids his hearts and diamonds, don't blame him, blame the spots. Red suits, being harder to see, are harder to analyze than clubs and spades.

* * *

Effete Cobras—Cobras in captivity must have their eyebrows plucked with a penknife. Otherwise they'd go blind. In their normal habitat, they shed their own.

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Sport and Sportsmen

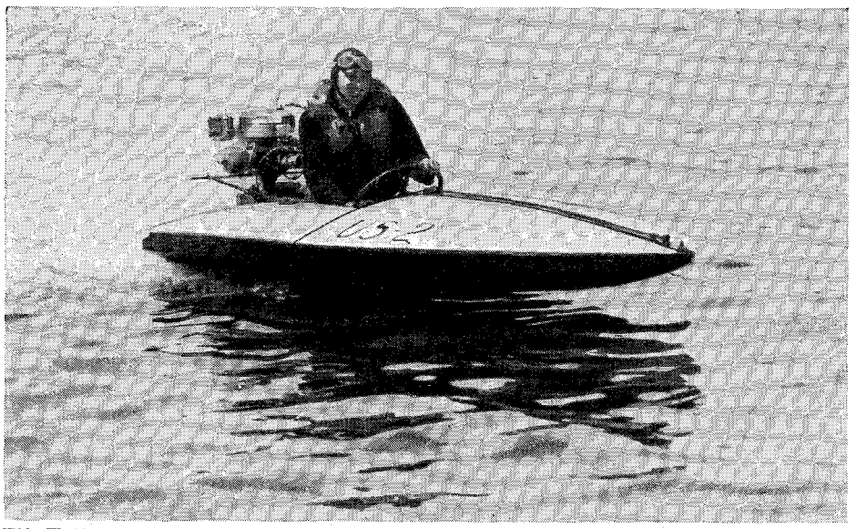
BUMPING THE BUMPS ON A PLACID RIVER

Outboard Motor-Boats in Crazy, Jouncing Race on Hudson

How would you like to kneel on a cellar-door hitched to an automobile and be dragged 135 miles over a bumpy road at fifty miles an hour?

That, according to a veteran of the race, would be similar to the sensation you would experience if you ever drove an outboard motor-boat in the annual Albany-to-New York marathon.

But you must expect more than just the physical discomfort of a crazy, jouncing cellar-door ride down the Hudson River. For your chance of reaching the finish-line would be about one in three. And if you did smash up you might suffer injuries and a loss of $400 or more in equipment.



Wide World

Fred Jacoby, Jr., . . . hopes to win the Albany-New York motor-boat race again this year

Somewhat less than a hundred outboard drivers will have sufficient enthusiasm for this teeth-rattling sport to enter the Albany-to-New York race this Sunday. But during the summer possibly 500,000 Americans in their own outboards not only will endure similar discomfort on a smaller scale, but will consider it great sport.

Bug-Like—While the race this year is open to runabouts and larger hydroplanes, general interest has always centered about the smaller outboard hydroplanes, bug-like, point-nosed craft driven by a motor fastened to the stern.

The craze for ricocheting over lakes and rivers in tiny, stream-lined boats whose motors sound like rusty buzz-saws, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. It started back in 1912 when Ole Evinrude, a Wisconsin mechanic, developed the first detachable motor capable of pushing a clumsy rowboat at the then sensational rate of seven miles an hour.

With the growing mania for speed, some one in the 1920's conceived the idea of a boat that skipped over the water instead of plowing through it. By last month a Frenchman, Jean Dupuy, had claimed a new world outboard record by skipping 74.3448 miles an hour.

With this tremendous advance in speed, there has been a corresponding interest in organized outboard racing. Hundreds of races are held throughout the world. Probably none can compare in difficulty with the 135-mile "steeplechase" down the Hudson.

Since it was started in 1928 by a New York outboard dealer, the race has lured schoolboys, farmers, butchers, salesmen, chiropractors, railroad conductors, and politicians. Some have raced as professionals, others as amateurs, but in outboard competition the distinction is more obscure than in any other sport.

Professionals race for cash, amateurs for the equivalent in trophies or other prizes. But during a full season a professional will spend far more than he can reasonably expect to regain and is content if his winnings cover traveling expenses.

Straight off, the essential difference between a professional and an amateur would seem to be vague. Actually it isn't. In a mixed race there are two winning prizes. If a professional wins, he is awarded actual cash. If an amateur wins, he is awarded the cash value of the prize in equipment, gadgets, and sports-wear.

During the eight years of the Albany race 60 per cent. of the professionals and amateurs have failed to finish. Of seventy-six starters last year, only twenty-four reached Poughkeepsie, the half-way point. And only seventeen crossed the finish line.

Floating Hazards—Most pilots agree rough water is the severest hazard in the race. But many boats have crashed into logs, mud-banks, floating automobile tires, and one even into a dead horse.

Many pilots fail to resist the natural temptation to "open up" their motors early in the race, and as a consequence either capsize in rough water or burn up their power-plants.

Fog, too, has been a hazard. In 1931 Marshall Eldredge was well out in front, driving blind through a heavy mist. Losing his bearings completely, he turned around and had gone several miles in the wrong direction before he sensed his mis-

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If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

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take. By that time it was too late, and Wade Woodworth finished first.

In the face of such unforeseen handicaps, luck plays an important part. But experienced drivers realize that good motors, strong hulls, dependable equipment, and careful preparation are vital. Only two amateurs have won.

A novice entering the race for the first time would probably select a boat in one of the five outboard hydroplane classes. The expense would be less and the chance of winning greater, for the race is a handicap affair and the smaller boats are given a head-start.

For his outboard hydroplane the novice could spend anywhere from $450 to more than $1,000, fully equipped. He would need spare parts and other paraphernalia, all securely clamped down.

Cushion Needed—For himself he would need an inflated life-preserver jacket. Because of the intense vibration he would buy a wide belt for his midsection and a cushion for his knees.

One of his most experienced competitors this year would be Fred Jacoby, Jr., national high-point champion and winner of the 1935 Albany race. In 1929 Jacoby failed to finish, but every year since then he has been one of the very few to complete the long course.

The record for the race was set in 1932, when Charles Cabot of New Haven, Connecticut, averaged 44.4 miles an hour to win by half a length. That year was also the closest the official starters have ever come to beating the winner to the finish line by train.

Virtually every country with navigable waters and access to gasoline has its quota of outboard motors. Mainly, they are in practical use, for freighting, fishing, travel. The South American jungle rivers have echoed to the splutter of the little engines, the waters of Java and Borneo have been roiled by the tiny spinning propellers. In no country are the motors used for sport as much as in the United States.

ANTIQUE JOY-RIDE Coach and Four to Dash Along in $375-a-Mile per Capita Whirl

Passengers traveling on American railroad trains in the East after June 2 will pay a minimum of two cents a mile.

If passengers aboard the coach and four driving from New York City to Atlantic City, New Jersey, next Tuesday had to share the expense, they would each pay approximately $375 a mile.

With the departure long ago of horse-drawn vehicles as important means of transportation, coaching as a sport has also virtually dropped out of existence. Except for occasional appearances in the show-ring, the coach and four is rarely seen.

Like most museum pieces its value is extremely high. Only a few persons can afford the expense of maintaining coaches in their stables as sentimental souvenirs of the so-called "good old days."

Millionaire Patron—One person who can is Mrs. Florence Dibble, millionaire Boston society woman and sports patron. For some years, Mrs. Dibble has owned the famous cream-and-red coach *Valiant*, built in France by Mignon Guet for the late William Tiffany, old-time enthusiast.

When a quartet of trotters set a world record by pulling a fully-equipped coach one mile in 2:48¾ last summer at the Rockingham Park race-track, Mrs. Dibble decided the time had come to try for another coaching record set twenty-six years ago and never challenged since.

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Mrs. Florence Dibble . . . plans a 134-mile "buggy-ride" from New York to Atlantic City

Her object next Tuesday will be to drive her coach *Valiant* over the 134 miles from New York to Atlantic City in faster time than that made by Paul A. Sorg, noted tobacco millionaire.

In 1910 Sorg's party took two days for the trip, requiring a total running-time of fourteen hours and fifteen minutes. Mrs. Dibble plans to make the run in one day.

Where Sorg used sixty-four semihackney type coaching horses, changing fours every eight or ten miles, Mrs. Dibble plans to use only sixteen trotters. Approximately every twenty miles a fresh team will be harnessed to the coach and the replaced four sent ahead in a motor-van to the next stop.

Special Harness—To lighten the load Mrs. Dibble's horses will wear specially-constructed harness. But the coach will be filled, as Sorg's was, with friends. There are thirteen places in the coach.

Aside from centering interest on the Atlantic City Horse Show, where Mrs. Dibble's record-breaking attempt will end, the trip may settle an ancient argument among coaching men as to the relative worth as coach horses of the present-day trotters and the semihackney type gallopers popular in the day of the tally-ho.

According to Thomas Fay Walsh, trainer of Mrs. Dibble's stable: "Big trotters make the ideal coaching horse. The old semihackney type of coaching horse was favored mostly by Anglomaniacs. These animals could make no more than ten miles an hour on a 'stage' and had to gallop a great deal of this distance. Big trotters have stamina as well as speed and we should have little trouble in breaking that record despite the hard roads and traffic."

Cost of the entire equipment required to settle the argument has been conservatively estimated at $50,000.

Sport Shots

Six years ago a stray wild duck alighted on Jay Bachman's farm in Strasburg, Pennsylvania, liked it and decided to stay. Bachman was pleased. A friend sent him a mate for the duck. Bachman was even more pleased.

Last week an Associated Press correspondent found Bachman anything but pleased. The two original ducks had not only multiplied, but had attracted many more house guests. There were 200 quacking, ever-hungry, egg-laying ducks on his place.

Under the law Bachman can not harm the ducks, their eggs, nor their breeding-grounds. Next fall, provided his farm is not considered "baited land," he can shoot a few of them during the thirty-day hunting season.

But by that time, Bachman lamented, the ducks will be 2,000 in number and he will be in the poorhouse.

* * *

Hungry Athletes—Even the poorest athletes are celebrated for stamina at mealtimes. If the world's best athletes eat up to expectations during the Olympic Games in Berlin this summer, they will consume the following fare: vegetables, 120 tons; meat and poultry, 80 tons; fish, 7½ tons; flour, 55 tons; butter, 17 tons; milk, 34,000 gallons; eggs, 280,000; oranges, 320,000; grapefruit, 52,600, and lemons, 105,200.

* * *

Fencing-Flashes—Judging fencing matches is no easy feat. It takes a sharp eye to detect a "touch" of a weapon's point on a white canvas jacket. Applying coloring material to the weapon's tip does not help much, for judges often find it difficult to distinguish between old and fresh marks.

To simplify the judges' task, competitors for the men's national fencing championships last week were wired for sight and sound. A long wire attached to the weapon led down the fencer's sleeve and out the back of his jacket to an electrical apparatus. When a "touch" was made, a light flashed and a bell rang.

* * *

Deadly Salt-Licks—Salt may never have caught a single bird, but it has destroyed many an American deer. According to the United States Forestry Service most of the hundreds of deer killed by trains every year are lured to the tracks by salt used during the winter to keep switches from freezing.

Between now and next winter, foresters will experiment to find some odorous substance that all deer hate, and will urge railroad men to mix it with the salt to chase away rather than attract the animals.

* * *

Lost $10,000,000—Since it was first presented in 1851 Britain has spent more than $10,000,000 in fifteen unsuccessful attempts to win the *America's* Cup, probably the most coveted trophy in the yachting world. The cup's silver value during that time has fallen from $500 to about $95.

* * *

Winged Champion—The antelope, generally considered the fastest animal, has been timed at sixty-two miles an hour. But the duck hawk, according to Frank G. Menke, merely loafs at sixty-five, has been officially clocked at 180, and can probably do 200 or more miles an hour at top speed.

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Finance and Industry

BUSINESS, GOVERNMENT, EMPLOYMENT

National Chamber of Commerce Discusses Cooperative Solution

Soft music from a violin, cello, and piano welled out through the ornate Spanish auditorium and drifted on into the sunlit *patio*.

The music reached groups standing in corridors and on the front steps of the building. They were typical American business men for the most part, of medium height, with round shoulders, slight paunches, and growing signs of baldness.

Like schoolboys responding to a class bell, the groups surged into the auditorium, some of them accompanied by their wives. Gold-lettered blue ribbons fluttered from coat-lapels. Heavy cigar-smoke drifted up to the beamed ceiling and ashes fell on the widely planked teak floor. In the outer lobby operators gave their teletype machines a last look, ready for on-the-spot news-sending.

A gavel tapped lightly but firmly in the auditorium, now filled with 2,000 delegates, and the music stopped.

"The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will now come to order," cried Harper Sibley, President, immaculately groomed in a dark blue suit with a white carnation in the lapel buttonhole.

Business Cross-Section—The general session in the Chamber's stone-columned building, a stone's throw from the White House, was opened.

Delegates from smaller chambers and trade associations throughout the country, representing a broad cross-section of American business, had gathered for discussion of national problems.

Rocking back and forth on his heels during his opening address, Mr. Sibley reached the problem of unemployment or reemployment, which dwarfed other subjects during the four-day Convention.

"The question . . . is," he said, "shall we rely upon traditional American business and enterprise, or look increasingly to government?"

Acme

Lewis H. Brown: the Administration had failed to solve the unemployment problem

Declaring against "punitive action," Mr. Sibley urged the point that "any injury to business inevitably results in injury to labor and the public as well."

In more conciliatory tones, he urged the elimination of waste by an alliance between government and business.

Apparently less bitter toward the Administration than at last year's Convention, the delegates applauded the appearance of Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper, who followed Mr. Sibley.

Program Requested—In nasal, drawling tones that contrasted sharply with the cultured voice of Mr. Sibley, the Administration spokesman emphasized that as business enterprise must pay the bills, it should submit plans to cope with unemployment.

Thumbs in his vest pockets, he laid out a series for business to undertake and promised the assistance and cooperation of the Government.

Lewis H. Brown, President of Johns-Manville Corporation, rose next. With a good-natured smile he wondered whether Mr. Roper expressed his own views or those of the Administration. The delegates laughed at this sally.

In a prepared speech, Mr. Brown presented a view of employment from the business man's angle.

"Every so often during this period," he said, "when the Government has become discouraged with its inability to make satisfactory progress in the solution of this difficult problem (unemployment), we have listened to government officials demanding of industry that industry undertake arbitrarily to reemploy the unemployed. This ingenuous request is based upon two premises—both of which are false.

"The first assumes that industry employs workmen when there is no work to be done.

"The second that industry has a source of income out of which to pay wages, other than the sales of goods to customers."

After many round-table conferences on the more specialized problems of business, the delegates gathered again in a final general session to vote on resolutions. The Chamber went on record against the tax on undistributed corporate incomes, and against any legislation imposing governmental control on hours and wages. It approved a reemployment survey, and advanced the responsibility of private industry for social security.

Stabilization Plea—In the international field, it pleaded for currency stabilization as promptly as international conditions permit; and it indorsed Secretary of State Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade agreements, but urged protection for agriculture in home markets. Decidedly it did not wish any lessening of the powers of the Supreme Court, nor the extension of the Federal Government in the development of water-power.

In contrast with last year's boisterous final session, at which some of the resolu-

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Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Harper Sibley (right): the Chamber of Commerce indorsed one, reelected the other as President

tions offered were defeated, delegates this year voted with steam-roller regularity. Mr. Sibley, reelected President, looked up in surprize at the only "no" piped during the session.

This came from Edwin L. Rickert, a small timid-looking man, dressed in a single-breasted salt-and-pepper suit. He blushed red when necks craned in his direction, giving the starers a silly grin.

Collared by reporters, he produced a card revealing that he is Executive Secretary of the Better Connersville Association, Inc., of Connersville, Indiana. He objected to a clause in a resolution about interference with the free play of economic forces, terming it reactionary.

"I don't think the Chamber of Commerce has the right to say that this would or would not interfere with the 'free play of economic forces,'" he said.

Those curious enough to inquire about the lone dissenter after the meeting found that he had been registered at the Y. M. C. A., but had checked out.

Press Comment—"At the concluding session of the United States Chamber of Commerce the efforts of Administration spokesmen to patch up a truce with business until after election," the Los Angeles *Times* said, "were rejected for what they were—sucker bait. If these New Dealers, who in past years have consistently flouted the country's business men, hoped to fool them with political promises now, they failed.

"The resolutions adopted, without dissent, by the Chamber could not have been more outspoken against the New Deal. Business has seen too many violations of a flag of truce on the part of the Administration to put any trust in any of its election-year pledges of reform."

"There is a political proverb that the English will burn the bed to kill a flea," the Kansas City *Star* remarked. "The review of the many New Deal activities at the annual Convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce recalls this proverb. Evidently business continues upset and hesitant because of the attempts of the Administration to go after business generally in order to correct certain evils, many of which, after all, are minor."

"The wholesale condemnation of the policies of the President and Congress by the United States Chamber of Commerce marks that body as too reactionary," declared *The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah. "Economic freedom can be attained by cooperation between business and government.

"To cure economic and industrial ills the two should go hand in hand. Government, so far as possible, should stay out of competition with private industry. But big business, when given a free hand, must work to promote general welfare. The failure of business to adopt social security measures made it imperative for the Government to enter this field."

The resolutions adopted by the Chamber, noted the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "represent in the main the considered opinion of the business leadership of the country on matters of public interest and concern.

"With proper selection and adaptation they would represent a business man's platform of which good use might be made in this election year of 1936.

Mutual Stake—"Politics has a stake in American business. American business has a stake in politics, and should not hesitate to protect it, especially in connection with an election so important as next November's. A 'business platform' vigorously and intelligently brought to the attention of the voters would constitute a rallying point of special significance during the coming months."

"The breach between so-called big business and the National Administration seems to have been widened," said the Dallas (Tex.) *Morning News*. "The welfare of the nation would best be served at present by cooperation in attacking certain economic problems, and a measure of cooperation should be possible, regardless of the stand of business next November."

"Secretary of Commerce Roper, the Administration's liaison officer assigned to business relations," the New York *Journal of Commerce* noted, "has formulated yet another 'recovery program,' of which so many have appeared since the depression began.

"Mr. Roper includes no fewer than ten points in his new program. They are mostly suggestions for new surveys of one kind or another, and also such worthy general proposals as drives by business men to expand foreign trade, build homes, and replace machinery.

"Suggestions of this kind are without real value because they propose that business men do things which they are constantly eager to do in any event. Mr. Roper would have been far more helpful if he had essayed to analyze the actual reasons why the durable-goods industries continue to lag and why unemployment continues heavy, and then suggested ways and means of eliminating the causes of these conditions."

"BANK OF CONGRESS"

House Sergeant-at-Arms Runs Check-Cashing Institution

A constituent sat nervously on the edge of a chair in his Congressman's office in Washington.

Broke, the visitor awaited words that might cause him additional embarrassment or, on the other hand, entirely clear up his temporary difficulty.

"Sure, I'll cash a check for you," the Congressman said. "Make it payable to me and I'll send for the money. No trouble at all. We have our own bank."

A messenger presently returned with a sheaf of bills and the visitor left the office, a relieved and grateful man.

Tucked away in a corner of the Capitol, on the House side of the building, is a banking institution without capital, charter, or legal name, operated exclusively for members of the House of Representatives.

Its head is Kenneth Romney, genial Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, whose duties, in addition to keeping order on the floor and in the galleries and supervising House police, include running the "Bank of Congress."

Mr. Romney has two assistants, Harry Pillen, the cashier, and John Oberholser, assistant cashier, known to Congressmen for many years. They can identify the signatures of all Congressmen and most of those who work in and around the Capitol, and work cheerfully day and night when business requires.

Funds Accumulated—Patrons of the bank are Representatives, who receive their pay

Acme

Kenneth Romney, Sergeant-at-Arms and banker for the House of Representatives

through the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Accumulation of funds in the office started about twenty-five years ago, when Champ Clark of Missouri was Speaker of the House and R. B. Gordon, who had been a Representative from Ohio, was Sergeant-at-Arms.

To-day the transactions of the institution amount to more than $1,000,000 a month.

The bank accepts no deposits, other than Representatives' pay, which is credited to them on the bank's books unless they ask to be paid by Treasury check.

Members simply leave their salaries and mileage allowances and draw against them.

Senators do not use the bank because they receive their pay in Treasury checks from the Senate disbursing officer, rather than through the Sergeant-at-Arms.

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leather folder. The design on the checks is that of the mace, symbol of office of the Sergeant-at Arms, and a view of the Capitol.

Activities Expand—While originally established to accommodate Representatives in cashing checks, it recently has expanded its activities, since many Representatives have business interests which include foreign dealings.

Thus, the bank buys and sells foreign exchange.

Likewise, secretaries frequently run the financial affairs of the Congressmen and they, too, occasionally use the bank's facilities.

On the indorsement of a member, constituents may cash checks there. Such checks range from $5, according to *The American Banker*, to $10,000. If one of these bounces back, the amount involved is charged against the Representative who indorsed it.

The bank is under the supervision of the Treasury Department and its funds are kept at the Treasury. It keeps on hand only enough cash for current needs, sometimes as much as $150,000. Not itself a member of a clearing house, its checks are cleared through the National Bank of Washington.

It is free from the annoyance of periodic examinations by bank examiners, but the Comptroller General audits its books.

During the banking holiday in March, 1933, the "Bank of Congress" was one of the few in the country that remained open for business.

In fact, it was the only large institution in the Capital that continued to cash checks as usual.

TRACING TAXES Average $2,500 Family of Four Shells Out $183 Indirectly Yearly

How much do indirect taxes cost a family each year?

In its April bulletin, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York found that this question can not be answered precisely because of the hidden nature of such levies. But the analysis by the Guaranty Trust revealed that directly traceable taxes, based on average spending habits, rolled up to nearly a month's income.

A family of four with a yearly income of $2,500 ordinarily pays no Federal or State income taxes.

However, traceable indirect taxes may take $183 yearly, and about $36 more if the family owns a used car:

If the family consumes a package of cigarettes a day it pays the Federal Government six cents a day, or $21.90 a year in excise taxes. Levies in some States on cigarettes add from $3.65 to $18.25 a year more.

Home-maintenance taxes add $131 yearly, for these taxes are reflected in rents whether the family owns its home or not. And taxes on playing-cards, matches, radio sets, candy, soft drinks, and a host of other items add up to at least $30.

The Guaranty Trust concluded that the lower income groups have been pathetically indifferent to taxes probably because they have not had the facts presented to them in readily understandable form and because the type of taxes collected offers "practically insurmountable resistance to analysis."

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H. G. Wells
Secy.-Controller

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Slips That Pass in the Type

Dear Mrs. Hall:
Would you please print in your column the date on which Palm Sunday fell in 1925?
"A READER."

Palm Sunday fell on April 5, in 1912.—*Minneapolis paper.*

Make them think for themselves, the Lazies!—

———, **of** ———, closed the door of life the other day, then quietly turning he opened the door of eternity and passed through. His community, his family and the state will hiss him.—*Las Animas (Calif.) paper.*

But, mind, no peanut throwing.

After battering through a wall to obtain access to the Church vault, burglars failed to obtain anything for their trouble. The Sunday collections had been left in the vault.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) paper.*

Willie, what did you do with that penny I gave you this morning?

At 53rd Street, a regal-looking cocker spaniel approximately turned out in a red-and-brown raincoat kept a watchful eye on the crowd.—*Fairmont (W. Va.) paper.*

Which was approximately hoity-toity.

Of 2,622 automobiles stolen in London in the last year, 3,477 were restored to their owners.—*Troy (Mo.) paper.*

So *that's* where they go.

The Chamber of Commerce held their wide awake monthly meeting Tuesday night. Twenty-five members were present. The President was marooned in Ridgway on account of flood conditions. While his vacant face was missed the chair was adequately filled by the Vice-president.—*Ridgway (Pa.) paper.*

The minute your back is turned!

This month is the sixth month of the Conference Year and to date there are only 516 budget pledges in hand totaling $25,500.00. This is disappointing considering the number of families in the church who are able and should contribute to the maintenance of the church's program. . . . Let us have a large deficit at the close of this year.—*Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

There, that's the spirit!

A score of informal cocktail parties had preceded the Press Club dinner. An improper supper party was to follow it.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Just to make the newspaper boys feel at ease.

C——— W———, 27, was treated at the Polyclinic Hospital last night after he drank a fire extinguisher solution, mistaking it for water. He was discharged after receiving treatment.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) paper.*

Did you have to press the back of his neck, or did he spout natural, like a whale?

Referring indirectly to disturbed conditions in Europe, Craig said:
— MORE — MORE — MORE
Charlotte (N. C.) paper.

There now, getting excited isn't going to do anybody any good.

Dean ———, who ordered the investigation after the alleged affair became gossip on the campus, said: "The administration expects to punish offenders whose guilt is known. Punishment will be explosion."—*New York paper.*

Now, Dean, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Murphy's work consists in getting the government out of the red and in placing the government squarely behind a new and all-embarrassing social and economic policy.—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Blushes for all!

Help Wanted—
ELDERLY handy man for country. Bach, everything furnished.—*Seattle paper.*

Skip Bach—how about Bock?

Wanted—
ONE or two good suitcases for boy at college, light weight ladder, preferably extension.—*Advertisement in Summit (N. J.) paper.*

Are you sure you know what your boy is up to, mister?

A service entirely in darkness has been arranged by the ——— ——— Christian Church. Hymns will be sung from memory and the Scripture lesson will be given from memory. The pastor will speak on "Under Cover of Darkness." There will be a duet by Mrs. A——— M——— and Mrs. M——— N———. Lights will be turned on during the offering.—*Great Falls (Mont.) paper.*

A good idea, at that.

The jury which convicted Mrs. W——— killed her patient to get $8,000 provided for her in the will of Mrs. B———.
—*Eureka (Calif.) paper.*

Now there's a jury gets things *done.*

This happened in the third when Detore got the first Brewer hit, a single to left. Then, in winding up, Stout's arm hit his leg and rolled away for a balk.—*Columbus (Ohio) paper.*

Sa-a-ay, was that a ball game!

Dogs Wanted—
SINGERS. Selected for music-dramas.
—*Los Angeles paper.*

We think we'll just attend the straight dramas from now on.

As Mrs. W——— was being hanged, her chauffeur drove her in a Rolls Royce limousine around the prison.—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

Hanging *de luxe.*

When you are downtown shopping and find yourself at the end of the day tired and out of shorts, with but a small margin of time in which to get home, call a ——— Cab, and see what a few minutes of relaxation can accomplish.—*Hartford (Conn.) paper.*

Or get into some shorts and see how *that* feels.

Regal stenographer, 25-35 years, unmarried, thoroughly experienced, fine personality required; downtown; $25 week.—*Buffalo paper.*

For $25 you're lucky if you get something semi-regal.

He was met at the railroad station by representatives of the British crown, foreign office dignitaries, army and navy officers. Actually, and not figuratively, a red plush carpet was rolled down to make his entrance diplomatically hotsytotsy, hoisted aboard ship by slings passed under their bodies.—*Livermore (Me.) paper.*

And did everything still seem to be hotsy-totsy?

Q.—What post office in the United States is located at the highest Health Day. J. R.
A.—The circus is estimated to have a patronage of about 20,000,000 persons annually.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Stop hedging.

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